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Diary of the Week.

THE Imperial Conference was occupied on Thursday and Friday of last week with the Declaration of London. The discussion centred on an Australian resolution which regretted that the Dominions had not been consulted before the instrument assumed its final shape, and went on to criticise in detail the inclusion of foodstuffs among articles of conditional contraband, and the sanction, in certain circumstances, for the sinking of neutral prizes. Sir Edward Grey's answer was wholly conciliatory, and contained an undertaking to consult the Dominions before opening negotiations or concluding conventions which affect the Colonies. Mr. Fisher thereupon withdrew his resolution, and substituted one which welcomed this undertaking. A general resolution approving the Declaration was then unanimously carried, Australia not voting. Perhaps the most interesting moment of the discussion was reached when Sir Wilfrid Laurier suggested that to be taken into negotiations was a rather embarrassing privilege to confer upon a colony. If war should result, the colony would be morally bound to take part. He seemed (not for the first time) to suggest that a Colony might preserve its neutrality in a war in which the Mother Country was engaged.

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ON Monday the Conference considered sundry questions of trade. Mr. Buxton suggested that the machinery of our Labor Exchanges might be used in collaboration with the Agents General to arrange for the assisted emigration of suitable cases. While the spokesmen of Newfoundland and New Zealand were not unfriendly to

this idea, the three Dominions rejected it in very decided terms. Mr. Fisher then proposed a resolution of which the purport was to relieve the Colonies from their general subjection to our Navigation Acts. Australia wished to favor British vessels, carrying British crews, which compete with subsidised foreign lines, and also to penalise the employment of Lascars. Our treaties stand in the way of such preferential dealings, and Mr. Fisher suggested that they might be denounced in part, so as to secure a free hand in legislation for the Colonies. Mr. Buxton did not smile upon the proposal, but the general question of the revision of the Navigation Acts was left for further consideration.

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THE Montreal "Witness" has been attacking Sir Wilfrid Laurier for raising objections at the Imperial Conference against the proposal to establish a system of Imperial consultation on foreign relations. Whatever the "Witness" may put forward in favor of combined action in foreign politics and defence, the complete failure of Sir Joseph Ward's suggestion proved how difficult, or perhaps impossible, it is to frame any hard-and-fast bond between the Mother Country and the Colonies that can be maintained with complete good will on both sides. We have often shown that Mr. Chamberlain's idea of an Imperial *Zollverein* only resulted in a growth of Colonial nationalism and the assertion of self-governing rights. The scheme of combined Imperial defence has led in the same direction. The great Colonies agree to expenditure on a Navy, but the ships will remain in their own waters for their own defence. In this tendency, Canada leads the way, but the other "Dominions" follow, the fact being that the old "Colonies" have developed into "sister-nations," held together as a partnership rather than as an Empire in the accepted sense. In such a relationship, a common foreign policy, and even a common defence, must be matters of sentiment or arrangement as occasion arises rather than definite obligation under a formal bond.

* * *

MEDICAL opinion is assuming a more favorable attitude towards the Insurance Bill, as a result of Mr. Lloyd George's interviews last week with representatives of the profession. The concessions and modifications then announced were in fact very considerable. The main objections of the doctors were: (1) That private practitioners in industrial neighborhoods would be ruined; (2) that club doctors would continue to be sweated by the Friendly Societies; and (3) that the income limit of £160 under the Insurance Scheme is too high. Mr. George's proposal to form local panels of doctors, from which patients would be free to choose, should meet the first objection, provided the panel is open to all reputable practitioners. The second objection will be found devoid of substance when the scheme comes into operation. It may, indeed, be answered effectively by adducing the counter-objections of the Friendly Societies, to the effect that the Bill places their financial and medical administration under the control of the State and the Public Health Committees. The real bargaining of the

panels of doctors will be with the Insurance Commissioners, and not with the Clubs, as heretofore. Upon the last objection, however, it appears that the Government cannot make any material concession, without serious damage to the club membership, and without an income inquisition exceedingly difficult to enforce.

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As the wider aspects of the scheme are more fully grasped, we believe the medical profession will recognise the substantial advantages it will secure for them. In the first place, nearly the whole of the contributions of employers and the State will go to swell the aggregate income of the profession. The improvement and enlargement of medical attendance, the establishment of sanatoria and of other curative and, we hope, preventive apparatus, must imply a great increase in the total demand for medical service. It is clearly recognised that the contract fees have been in many cases dangerously insufficient to secure good service, and the terms already suggested imply a considerable rise upon those attained by "free competition." Lastly, the linking together of the hospitals, provident dispensaries, nursing institutions, drug trade, and other branches of the great art of healing, which will be found essential to the successful and economical working of the scheme, will afford greater regularity of employment and security of livelihood to the members of all these callings. It will be seen to constitute a genuine and considerable step in the organisation of national health, and one of its chief benefits will be the checking of the excessive competition for a narrow and precarious living to which large numbers of qualified medical men are to-day exposed. The fear of doctors with club practices that their "vested interest" will be injured, will, we believe, be seen to be void of substance. For even if other local practitioners are included in the panel, any loss they may experience of patients they have been attending before is likely to be compensated by the new patients falling to them from the enlarged membership of clubs.

* * *

WE congratulate the Lord Advocate and other Scottish Land Reformers on the second reading of their Scottish Land Bill without a division on Friday, the 2nd. Mr. Maclean had charge of the Bill, but, in effect, it is identical with the measure brought in by Lord Pentland (then Mr. Sinclair) in 1908, and scornfully rejected by the Lords under the influence of Lord Rosebery's denunciation. Last week the opposition collapsed in spite of Mr. Balfour's attempt to prove that the gradual depopulation of Scotland resulted from education rather than the system of land tenure. The object of the Bill is to establish fair rent and security; the Government grant for carrying out its provisions will certainly be increased from the suggested £100,000, probably to about double that amount; and the Bill, now with a Standing Committee, should be carried through this session. Side by side with it comes the timely report upon afforestation in Scotland, issued last Monday by the Scottish Arboricultural Society. No Scotsman wishes his country converted into a playground for alien, or even Scottish, millionaires.

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AFTER nearly four months of hesitation, the powerful Albanian Catholic tribe, the Mirdites, has apparently decided to join in the revolt against the Turks. It numbers four or five thousand fighting men, and if it acts unitedly, may prolong the rebellion, which other-

wise must soon have neared its end. It is possible that lack of arms explains the delay. The first action was an entirely successful attack on the old fortress of Alessio, designed as a diversion to draw the Turkish forces from the coast, so as to permit of the landing of a cargo of munitions from an Italian vessel. The scheme achieved its end. Montenegro meanwhile grows more restive under the strain of preserving a formal neutrality. The so-called Young Turkish "radicals," at the moment of the Sultan's visit to Macedonia, betray a furious violence. Their Monastir organ, the *Sungu* (Bayonet) was to have been prosecuted for incitements against the Conservatives and the non-Turkish races, but the Procurator has been mysteriously murdered. The Chamber meanwhile has dared to cut down the item for pensions in the military budget, and this incident is thought to reveal behind the split in the Committee a deeper rift between the whole Committee and the army. The semi-official "Fremdenblatt" of Vienna on Thursday warned the Turks to conciliate the Albanians speedily, adding a hint that otherwise the existence of European Turkey may be endangered.

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THE flight of President Diaz from Mexico was sufficiently dramatic. The Mexican sense for coincidence already sees a fitness in the calamity which befell the city on Wednesday. A severe earthquake shook it, and about one hundred persons are believed to have been killed. A few hours later, General Madero made his triumphal entry, and the citizens are said to have had sufficient leisure of mind to give him an enthusiastic welcome. The rebel success has been stained during the week by several savage reprisals, amounting to little less than massacre, in provincial centres. The Presidential Elections, which, nominally at least, will be conducted freely, are fixed for October 1st.

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THE main facts about the situation in Morocco is that the revelations of the "Times" regarding the massacre and sale of prisoners at Lemta by the Sultan's forces under French officers, are not seriously challenged. The "Débats" is content to say that in future when the Sultan's forces are engaged in such dirty work as this, they must not be commanded by French soldiers. This quite ignores the service which these instructors would still render in giving the Sultan a capable force which he can turn to these uses. The fuller narrative of the "Times" correspondent with the "relief force" is now published. He frankly admits that "Fez was not at its last gasp. There was ammunition, food, and spirit enough." The whole idea of "relief" for a starving and hard-pressed garrison is thus confessed for the fraud it was. General Moinier's force has now set out on the several punitive enterprises which it contemplates. Some relatively severe fighting has already occurred. French troops guard the house of the deposed Vizier, El Glawi, and observers anxiously await the reaction which will probably follow the present mood of stupefied acquiescence. To mark its disgust at the Lemta massacre, our Foreign Office has decided that the Moorish representative shall not be received at the Coronation.

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ON Thursday afternoon the Birkbeck Bank suspended payment. The total liabilities are announced as £8,676,000, nearly the whole of which amount represents the credit of small and thrifty depositors. The directors estimate the deficit at £375,000, but the auditor maintains that £400,000 should be added to this

sum. The securities stand at £300,000, and creditors are promised an immediate instalment of 10s. in the pound; but the loss, in any case, is likely to be considerable, and the neighborhood of the Bank was quickly crowded with unhappy creditors, hoping in vain for the recovery of their savings. There was a serious run on the same Bank in 1892, after the collapse of the Liberator Building Society, and again last November, when the Charing Cross Bank failed; but on both occasions, partly owing to the assistance of the Bank of England, the Birkbeck was able to meet the run and remain open. The present failure is attributed in some degree to the special difficulty of the last panic, which was due to an anonymous warning issued to depositors; in general to the Bank's endeavor to pay a fixed rate of interest on deposit accounts; and to the bad combination of a bank with a building company.

* * *

THE National Conference for the Prevention of Destitution, which was opened by Mr. Balfour at the Albert Hall on May 30th, concluded its discussions at the end of last week. It was remarkable for the interest displayed in it by all parties and sections of opinion, showing that destitution, unemployment, and pauperism are now recognised throughout the country as the most vital problems now before us, affecting men and women, rich and poor, of every grade or class to some degree. The enthusiasts of the Minority Report, whose work upon their carefully organised lines, steadily continues, were present in force, and Prof. Sadler made a very interesting contribution at the last meeting upon the significance of true education as inseparable from the study of medicine, and from the study of social and industrial conditions. Happily, the latest figures on London pauperism show a reduction of 16,057 against the corresponding week in May of last year, and though the persons receiving relief (indoor and out) still number nearly 103,000, something is gained.

* * *

THE annual Conference of the National Association of Head Teachers began its sittings at Manchester on Wednesday. The Lord Mayor, in his welcome to the delegates, plainly showed that the main issue before the Conference would be the growing revolt against the centralised Board of Education in London, and the address by Mr. H. E. Storey, the new President of the Association, quite fulfilled the expectation. He rightly maintained that the primary teachers owed no debt to the State; on the contrary, they earned more than their dole for training by their long service as pupil-teachers. His further complaint was more serious; they had suffered, he said, a loss of freedom from their connection with the State:—

They had suffered from connection with the State a loss of freedom, a limiting of opportunities of advancement, a system of espionage and distrust. They had been ignored at Whitehall and belittled in presence of the children under their charge. They had had to submit to the ever-changing vagaries of officials, to ill-conceived regulations, to secret reports and insulting remarks, to criticisms cruel and uncultured, and to degradation among their fellow-men.

When a leading public servant can thus speak of official authority amid the applause of his colleagues, it is evident that something is profoundly wrong in the official system, and as our readers are well aware, this evidence only confirms what has long been known or suspected.

LAST Sunday Italy's Jubilee of liberation and unity was further celebrated by the unveiling of Victor Emmanuel's statue in front of the vast memorial which has been nearly thirty years building, beside the Capitol in Rome. The monument was designed by the late Count Giuseppe Sacconi, who, unfortunately, died in 1905, leaving his plans to be carried out, not quite faithfully, by others. It has been rightly objected that the enormous size of the building and the statue dwarf the ancient citadel of Rome, and that Italy is a poor country to subscribe the expense of about £1,500,000. But, after all, the memorial celebrates one of the noblest and most auspicious events in the history, not only of Rome, but of the modern world, and if size were a measure of importance, it could hardly be too big. The ceremony was performed by the King and Queen of Italy in the presence of 6,000 representatives of Italian communes, bodies of troops, and many Garibaldian veterans, among whom the contingent from the old British Legion was conspicuous, largely owing to the generosity of our readers.

* * *

THE Supreme Court of the United States has followed up its verdict against the Standard Oil Trust by ordering the dissolution within six months of the Tobacco Trust, which it declares to be a combination in restraint of trade. What will emerge from this decision is as uncertain as the future of the Oil combination. The Law Officers of the Republic are instructed, in concert with the lawyers of the Trust, to "re-create" it in some form which will answer to the notion of the Supreme Court of what is a "reasonable" combination. One does not see how any combination at all can safeguard the interests of the consumer, or how, failing a combination, the *disjecta membra* can be prevented from maintaining their understanding. But the Trust system, for one reason or another, is clearly passing through a crisis. A formidable rival to the Steel Trust has at last felt itself strong enough to "cut" prices, and the Steel Trust has been compelled to follow its lead. Such battles generally end in a friendly settlement, and a further and completer amalgamation. But if that were to occur in this instance, there doubtless would follow litigation under the Sherman Law, and a decree of dissolution. It is indeed the general anticipation that the Steel Trust will be next to come before the Supreme Court.

* * *

WE are glad to see that there will be strong opposition next Wednesday to the St. Paul's Bridge Bill. A motion to recommit the Bill will be proposed by Mr. Morrell, and seconded by Lord Claud Hamilton, and, if this is successful, an instruction will be sent to the Committee of the Corporation asking them not to agree to any future scheme that has not been prepared under architectural advice, and is the scheme best adapted to the needs of the public and the character of the site. We have already pointed out that the Corporation's present scheme was evolved without consultation with any artist or architect, and that, if carried out, it would only result in adding one more to the long series of our national eyesores. The bridge, as designed by the Committee, takes no account of the Cathedral itself, and loses a great opportunity for displaying to full advantage one of the few architectural monuments of which London has some right to be proud. The plan suggested by Prof. Beresford Pite, and recommended by the opponents of the present Bill, is in every respect superior.

Politics and Affairs.

THE ANOMALY OF THE CORONATION.

THE English Coronation rite is a thing unique. Regarded seriously, it is a meaningless anachronism and anomaly. But it makes a brilliant historic pageant. Its symbolism, its ritual, its language, carry us to the days of faith and chivalry, and, in some places, it even takes us back to the aspirations of the men who lived in the days before Alfred ruled. The rite is, in truth, a fair piece of medieval tapestry, over which a rough hand has daubed, or rather printed, the war cries of the triumphant Whigs of 1688. The religion of the Unction, the chivalry of the sword and spurs, the mystery of the throne that encloses the stone on which, in our forefathers' belief, the head of Jacob rested, the fierce feudalism of the oath of Homage are still present, but, to the vast majority of English people, they are present as the scenes in a play, and not as the solemnities of an awful sacramental mystery. Even the fact that the rite is associated with the Eucharist fails to inspire reverence.

Few probably of those who will witness the scene in the Abbey will know anything of the wonderful history of this rite. Like the British Constitution, it represents the slow development of the ages. Only, unlike the British Constitution, it reached its perfection in the days of Chaucer. Reformation and Revolution have mutilated its prayers and ceremonies, and distorted its significance; but both have failed to impress on it a new character. The changes that they have made have emptied it of its sacramental meaning; but they have left it only an imposing feudal ruin. Who first suggested that the rulers of Anglo-Saxon England should be anointed? The earliest English Coronation order is of eighth century date. It is significant that it contains the Unction and a reference to the Roman Empire. We know that the Celtic church ordained kings. The order is associated with the name of an eighth-century Primate of York. May it have been borrowed from the Britons of Strathclyde, and may it have been the Coronation office of Arthur? The second Anglo-Saxon order is linked for no obvious reason with the Coronation of Ethelred, the Unready; but it was doubtless the rite used for the first two royal sacrings of Westminster, for the sacring of Harold, and for the sacring of Harold's conqueror. Much of the present Coronation ritual is found in this old order, from which the priests on the eve of Hastings' fight prayed that the sceptre might not depart from the royal throne of the Angles and the Saxons, and Harold, like our own King, was anointed with the holy oil. To Harold, as to George the Fifth, were given the sword, the sceptre, and the rod of equity and mercy, and Harold in his hand held the Imperial Orb. A new order was devised in the twelfth century; but the great medieval office, the *Liber Regalis*, grew up gradually in the Benedictine Abbey of Westminster. To-day, as we realise how this old service is inspired with the love of freedom, we grasp the fact that the unknown monks who slowly composed it in their cloisters had none of that aloofness from the world of real things which holds back

the modern ecclesiastic from the cause of popular justice and liberty. This order, it seems, made its first appearance at the crowning of that poor butterfly, Edward of Carnarvon. In its present form it was the rite prepared for the sacring of another ill-starred ruler, the child of the hero of Cressy and the Fair Maid of Kent, the boy king Richard. The copy of the book in the Abbey was doubtless in that luckless youth's hand when the Crown was set on his head on 15th July, 1377.

Could those Benedictine monks have dreamed of the use to which after ages would put their solemn office book, it would doubtless have perished in the flames. To the true medievalist, what could be more repulsive than the picture of an Archbishop administering to the King an oath under the order of Parliament. In the ancient days, the successor of St. Augustine, the national representative of the Kingdom that was not of this world, bade the King, the lord of armed might, to swear that he would rule as a Christian Prince, that he would love justice and mercy, that he would protect the Church, and uphold the laws and customs that good St. Edward had granted to the clergy and people. Only when the King had taken this oath was he deemed worthy to receive the Holy Unction. To-day the oath of the Revolution of 1688, which the Primate administers, makes no contract between King and Church. It is a contract between King and Parliament, and when the Parliament Bill is law, the successor of Dunstan and Becket will administer it as a servant of the House of Commons. When Napoleon dragged Pius VII. to his Coronation at Notre-Dame, he shrank from inflicting on his guest this final insult. To the Pope he took the old oaths of the feudal king; only when the Pope and the Churchmen had departed did he swear to the President of the Senate and Legislative Assembly to respect and protect equality and liberty. It would be well if our statesmen of 1688 had taken a similar course. The tragic blunder of George III. over Roman Catholic emancipation would have been impossible if the Coronation Oath had been administered to that muddle-headed bigot by the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons.

Unpledged though the Sovereign is to the Church, the Archbishop will still pour the consecrated oil on the crown of his head, on his breast, and on the palms of both his hands, while the old Coronation anthem of Christian Europe, "Zadok, the priest, and Nathan, the prophet, anointed Solomon king," rings through the aisles of St. Edward's Minster, as it rang on the day when the oil was poured over King Harold's head. Here we stand in the presence of that which was to the men of the days of chivalry the mystery of mysteries. "Not all the water of the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed king." The first chiefs of the House of Capet were in point of lineage and power no better men than their vassals of Normandy or Provence. The talisman which gave them Gaul was the "Sainte Chrême" which was poured on their bodies from the Sainte Ampoule which Heaven sent down by the White Dove for the christening and coronation of Clovis. This Sainte Chrême which never wasted, was, in sooth, the prize for which the Maid did battle with the English

in the entrenchments of Orleans. For if the English host could have driven back the Maid's followers, Bedford would have won the race to Rheims. And if the Sainte Chrême had been poured, not on the gentle Dauphin, but on the child Henry, the history of Europe might have been changed. No legend so glorious as that of the Sainte Ampoule hung round the unction that in days of old was given to the Kings of England; yet they, like the Kings of France, were anointed with chrism as well as with oil, and when men murmured of the treason of Bolingbroke, his courtiers replied that on his head had been poured oil which Our Lady had given to St. Thomas to be reserved for the coronation of a king who should be a loyal champion of the Church. Oil or chrism! What sanctity has this anointing for His Majesty's subjects to-day? The faith which saw in the anointed Sovereign a *mixta persona*, half-spiritual, half-lay, which believed that through his unction he had received in a special manner the sevenfold gift of the most Holy Spirit, has passed away to return no more, not even in the almost impossible event of the triumph in Europe of a clerical reaction. The philosophy of Suarez, the Jesuit, no less than that of Milton, the Puritan, has shattered for ever the religion that half-deified the hereditary ruler, and has driven the Sainte Ampoule to keep company with the Holy Graal in the land of Faery. And yet practical England retains the phantom of the mystery.

On the anointed king, St. Edward's robes are placed, the linen albe and the dalmatic. The liturgiologist names them St. Edward's robes; but the ancient Coronation robes of the Kings of England were knocked down for a few shillings when Charles's head fell on the scaffold, and St. Edward's robes are now made fresh for each Coronation. The sacerdotal character of these vestments shows that medievalism at one time was not so far from investing monarchy with priestly attributes. Then follows in true chivalrous fashion the presentment of the spurs and of the sword, the sword that has lain on the High Altar. "With this sword," cries the Primate, "do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the Holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored." More fitting sound such words for a scene in the Morte D'Arthur than for a public function of the twentieth century. To the Tory Imperialist of to-day at least they must have a sickly sentimental ring. But the Tory Imperialist has to hear worse things. The King is invested with the royal robe or pall, and the orb with the Cross, the proud badge of Imperial sovereignty. "And when you see this Orb thus set under the Cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the Power and Empire of Christ our Redeemer." Sublime sentiment! If it were cited in a debate on naval estimates, our Pro-Consuls would receive it with mocking laughter. Then the two sceptres are given—the kingly sceptre with the Cross, and the rod of equity and mercy with the dove. Then the wedding-ring of England, the ensign of kingly dignity, and of the defence of the Catholic Faith, is put on the finger of the King who has lately sworn that he will defend the Protestant Reformed religion

established by law. And then follows the ceremony, which, since the Liber Regalis was hacked about for seventeenth-century coronation, has come to appear as the culmination of the rite; the setting by the Primate of the Crown on the King's head. The Peers thereafter don their coronets, the guns of the Tower thunder, and as the sounds of war die away a Bible is presented to His Majesty. Then the King is set on his throne by the Bishops and Peers, and the Primate cries, "Stand fast, and hold firm the seat and state of Royal and Imperial dignity." In the days before the Revolution, the words ran "Stand fast, and hold firm the place whereof thou hast hitherto been heir by the succession of thy forefathers." And then the Bishops do fealty and the Princes and Peers do homage. The fealty of the Bishops is rendered in grave and tempered language, which recalls the days when they owned a double allegiance, to Pope as well as to King. But the homage of the Peers is a fierce shout which, however suitable for the field of Evesham, has since Naseby been a sad anachronism. "I—Earl of—, do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship and faith and truth I will bear to you to live and to die for you against all manner of folks." Then, after the Homage and kissing, follows the gentle ceremony of the Coronation of the Queen, in which the unction and the investiture with ring and sceptres play likewise a part.

Certainly this Coronation makes a brave pageant. The mass of the people, it has been said, regard it as a show arranged for their amusement. But herein lies for serious minds its great objection. The twentieth century may, if it pleases, masquerade in the trappings of the days of Chaucer; but the masquerade is out of place in a religious service. Nor is this the only, though it is the gravest, criticism of the ceremony. It is offensive that a Peerage, the majority of which would repudiate as mawkish sentimentalism the gentler and more Christian aspirations of the age of chivalry, and which in no sense represents the nation, should appear before the world on a great occasion as the sole representatives of English chivalry and loyalty. It is no less invidious that in a country which has no longer a common religion, the ministers of a single church should give to the Empire's highest function a strict denominational note. The rite is, in fact, hopelessly in conflict with the spirit of the age, and its days are numbered. To replace it by a ceremony that shall really symbolise the higher political and ethical ideas of our own time will be no easy task. Yet it is a task which, in the name of progress and honesty, should be attempted, and one which the House of Commons might seriously consider. Let us render our tribute of respect to our ancient Coronation Rite. Let us admit that when men took it seriously, it was a noble tribute to the liberal faith that refuses to base authority on force; but let us cease to offer to the head of the State the withered flowers culled from the garden of a dead chivalry. Let the solemn inauguration of the ruler of democratic England be a sacring which shall express the higher aspirations of an age which strives for social amelioration and religious liberty and inter-

national peace. The institution of a new Coronation order would be a picturesque sequel to the passing into law of the Parliament Bill.

THE COLONIAL STANDPOINT.

It was a generation now all but extinct which used to centre its domestic tragedies on the inevitable misunderstandings of fathers and sons. The elementary education of parents has made considerable progress. There is less tendency than there was to that sublime attitude in fathers, which led them to expect in children an uncritical gratitude for their own creation. The Old Testament is read no longer with a comfortable assurance that its morals and its warnings were directly addressed to the stiff-necked generation which fills all but two august seats in the family pew. The commandments have been inverted, and, with the aid of Fabians and Eugenists and Russian novelists, the average modern parent has been intimidated into conceiving of himself as the minister of his children and the servant of the future, on whose shoulders lies a heavy burden of duty which our forefathers laid elsewhere. It is something of the same revolution which has upset our dealings with the Colonies. The metaphor of a parental relationship still survives. But the Colonies are better instructed in the rôle of a really modern parent. They know very well that the arrow is no longer expected to be grateful because it fills the good man's quiver. They come to us buoyant, confident, and perhaps a little exacting, armed with the whole contemporary ethics of a parent's duties. One may detect on our side all the pathetic anxiety of the ageing father to avert the inevitable day of misunderstandings, to proclaim that years have not yet brought the ossified intelligence or the narrowed sympathies which made a Tourgenieff tragedy. The younger generation has, in the complex struggle of sentiment and interest, the comforting assurance which makes for audacity and waters wild oats. It knows that in the last resort we shall not endure to be left behind, isolated, childless, and "played-out." It reckons on our making the sacrifices which a nation, like an individual, will always face, when the awful moment arrives at which it must stave off old age.

It is difficult to read the reports of some of the recent sittings of the Imperial Conference without an uncomfortable suspicion that something of the arrogance of youth is creeping into the relations of the Colonies with the Mother Country. One hears the younger generation "knocking at the door," and it is a brusque and not altogether considerate summons. It was, perhaps, a minor incident which revealed the new attitude most clearly, but it was one which happened to touch us in a sensitive spot. Mr. Buxton, with not a little management and tact, suggested that the new Labor Exchanges might be raised by arrangement into an Imperial machinery. Why should they not, in their efforts to bring the worker to his work and to make Labor serviceably mobile, extend their operations beyond these islands? Might they not pass on applicants suitable for

emigration through the Central Exchange to the Agent of a Colony which happened to be in need of the labor which they might supply? It was not a request for charity from the Colonies in assisting us to deal with our own problem of unemployment. Mr. Buxton stipulated that the colony should be empowered to recover the cost of this assistance from the man whom it aided. It was primarily a request that the Colonies should act as we expect a public-spirited employer to act, by using this new State machinery in a way which will make it central and fundamental in our own industrial life. The refusal was decided, and all but unanimous. One need hardly enumerate the rather various reasons which were alleged. The meaning of it was that when the Colonies are moved to take any State action at all to fill up the gaps in their population from our surplus, they prefer to act entirely for themselves, with a regard exclusively for their own convenience, and with no collateral wish to assist us in our insular arrangements for coping with the difficulties of labor and unemployment. It was not a class or a party refusal. It came as decidedly from the Labor Government of Australia as from the Middle-class Government of Canada. It was in effect a declaration that each member of a loosely-knit Empire must shoulder its own burdens. In the old days, when we were still the unregenerate parent, who saw in his children only an adjunct to his own convenience, we shipped our undesirables to Botany Bay. To-day, when we ask the Colonies to help us in absorbing the capable but unfortunate unemployed, the door is firmly locked.

It would be unfair to dwell on such an episode as this without noticing also the proposals of the Colonies for conferring a direct benefit on the Mother Country. At the same sitting of the Conference, Australia proposed a revision of the Navigation Acts, accompanied by the concession of greater independence in legislation and treaty-making. Her object was to gain the power of protecting British vessels, carrying British crews, against the competition of subsidised Continental lines. It is rather difficult to be sure what motive predominated in this offer. The desire to complete the anti-Asiatic legislation of Australia, by penalising British vessels which carry Indian crews, was certainly as marked as the wish to benefit the British sailor and the British carrier. But the benevolence and the patriotism were unluckily balanced, from our standpoint, by the fact that any revision of treaties in the direction proposed must expose our trade to more loss in dealing with peoples outside the Empire than we could hope to gain by securing something like a monopoly within it. The whole proposal was vitiated by the same twist in reasoning which ruined the half-forgotten suggestions for a Zollverein. The authors of such arrangements, dazzled by the thought of gaining everything within the Empire, are content to forget what must be lost outside it.

The moral that emerges from such unlikely proposals as these for mutual benefit, is, we think, the adoption on both sides of a frankly self-regarding attitude. The Colonies will not adopt our view of the emigration problem. We find ourselves on occasion embarrassed by their well-meant offers of certain forms of preferential dealing. The risk of misunderstanding

becomes acute when, in the effort to adjust the relationship to party theories of Imperial duty, a statesman usually so moderate and clear-sighted as Lord Selborne can expose himself to such a rebuke as Mr. Fielding, in the name of Canada, has administered to him in the "Times." For the particular criticisms which Lord Selborne levied at the Reciprocity Treaty there was no foundation in fact. It affects barely five per cent. of the goods in which we deal with Canada, and even here it puts our traders at no disadvantage in competing with those of the United States, but only on an equality. So far from making a precedent for the preferential treatment of the Empire over other nations in a foreign country, there are at least four such precedents, from three of which we were the gainers, at the expense of a colony. One ought not to exaggerate the actual enormity of two such slips as these; the mischief begins only when a Colonial statesman feels bound to protest, as Mr. Fielding does, against any criticisms by "leading public men in England" of "the responsible governing party in any of the Overseas Dominions." That is a somewhat over-weighted protest against criticisms, which Mr. Fielding has rebutted with triumphant ease. It seems to involve the extension to the colonies of an etiquette which to many of us seems antiquated even in dealings with a foreign power. The world is too closely knit in its interests and sympathies to make any longer tolerable the imposition of the passport system upon speeches and thoughts. On matters which affect common interests there must be free speech. But the complaint shows how closely the relationship of metropolis and colonies has come to approximate to that which governs independent States. The re-adjustment may be a matter of slow evolution and distant diplomacy. It may come, if it comes at all, long after the metaphor of mother and daughter has become an obsolete pleasantry. Canada doubles her population in ten years, and at such a rate as that, a colony evolves under our eyes into an ally. While the years go by the very materials of the problem are changing. Questions of tariffs vex us to-day, but the tide of the world's affairs is running swiftly towards free or freer trade. Questions of defence seem vital, but the new phase of compulsory arbitration may be transforming that difficulty also. We seek and find a *modus vivendi* from year to year in informal conferences, and in partial arrangements, tiding over the momentary difficulties with no clear perception of the goal to which we are heading. Twenty or even ten years hence, so dizzily does the world move, so broad is the scope of change, we may find that the terms on which we shall make our final league of peace and mutual intercourse with a mature Canada and an Australian nation are not substantially different from those which will link us to a neighbor France and a cousin America.

THE SULTAN IN MACEDONIA.

THE statement that the Turkish Sultan set out this week, escorted by a Turkish fleet, on a journey to Salonica and the Macedonian interior, may seem to a

Western reader a trivial item of Court news. The people of Turkey will readily seize its significance. It means, as emphatically as any of the innovations of the last three years, a daring and flagrant breach with the consecrated past. We should not like to hazard a guess at the number of precedents which exist for such a journey. The broad fact is that, since the Ottoman Sultans ceased to be soldiers and conquerors, they have led the life of secluded prisoners in a closely-guarded capital. The first invader of the line campaigned in Macedonia, and overthrew the Servian Empire on the plains of Kossovo while Constantinople was still the isolated citadel of a Greek Empire. Soliman the Magnificent rode at the head of armies which threatened even the middle world of Christendom. But when Rycout, our Consul in Smyrna, in the reign of Charles II., described the Turkish system as he had seen it, the Sultan was already a degenerate and effeminate inhabitant of a palace, condemned to a harem life among courtiers and eunuchs. Abdul Aziz broke with custom in the last century, by a brief royal visit to Paris. With Abdul Hamid the system of suspicion and seclusion reached its climax. The Court went no longer on periodical journeys to Adrianople or Broussa. It made no pilgrimages of devotion; it dared no excursions for pleasure or sport. It braved the perils of the streets only once in a year, when it galloped in closed carriages to pray in a Stamboul mosque. It had reached an Oriental ideal of immobility and isolation which almost recalled the life of a Mikado before the revolution in Japan. Mohamed V. is not a striking or an original personality. But in this journey he reverses history and makes a new tradition. Three years ago there was not a Turkish warship which could have put to sea, nor a port which a Turkish Sultan dared have entered. If it is not the great dead past of conquest and aggression which he will revive when the railway carries him over the broad plain where the Servian hosts were broken, at least he will inaugurate a modern conception of kingship, and give to his subjects a venturesome example of confidence and trust. A deposed Sultan lies in Salonica, awaiting oblivion and death. A reigning Sultan will ride past his prison to challenge an uncertain fate.

In these provinces which the Sultan will traverse, destiny in some shape accumulates. Turn where he will, it sets its questions. Along the line sentries will anxiously watch, lest some Bulgarian desperado should wreak with bomb or rifle the vengeance for the cruelties and disappointments which have already stained the new reign. The royal train will pass within sight of the obscure villages where peasants by the hundred have been tortured or bastinadoed, in the search for hidden arms. On the plain of Kossovo it will reach the Albanian country. It is easy by ceremonies and parades to revive a dim memory of ancient victories over Slav infidels. But the crowds of armed tribesmen who watch the pageant will have in their memory the much more recent victories which Turkish arms achieved in the passes and on the hill-sides which fringe this plain, over their own brothers and chiefs. The war in the highlands, a few days' journey to the north and west, rages unchecked. No skill or promptitude in the field has come to justify the

fatal errors in the statesmanship which drove the North Albanians to revolt. The rebels have shown in the field a new tenacity. No one has ever doubted the courage of the Albanian tribesman, his dash, his gallantry, his wholly European love of adventure and distinction, but this steadiness and doggedness have revealed new qualities. In former rebellions he would make himself formidable for two weeks, or for three, and then collapse either because his leaders had been bought, or because he was incapable of the elementary effort of organisation required to provide a sufficient stock of ammunition. It is too soon to say precisely what is the meaning of the new record which this rebellion has established. Again and again the clansmen have defeated a superior Turkish force. Catholics and Moslems have fought in perfect fraternity, side by side. Something is owing to the idea of an Albanian nationality which wanton oppression has brought to consciousness. More perhaps must be ascribed to the subterranean assistance of Austrian or Catholic propaganda. The rebels, whether they draw their supplies from Montenegro or from the Church, must have at their command material resources which formerly were lacking. If it is true that Mirdites in any numbers have joined them, the rebellion may yet involve consequences that will be more than local.

An Albanian rising has always seemed negligible in the past, only because these isolated mountaineers, for all their gallantry, their native intelligence, and their recent passion for education, have been without support or sympathy in Europe. Many a traveller has since confirmed Byron's warm verdict on their natural qualities. But they have lacked the interested backing which Cretans could always find in Greece, or the Macedonian Slavs in Sofia and St. Petersburg. The new feature of this conflict is that Montenegro, through all her troubled and glorious history the hereditary foe of the Albanian race, is now, by some obscure working of sympathy and calculation, ranged on its side. She has harbored the Albanian refugees, cared for their wounded, and watched from her mountain fastnesses with a growing anger the smoke of their burning villages. It is through Montenegro that the complication touches the world of European diplomacy. Neither treaty rights nor racial affinity authorise any Power to speak for the Albanians, though there is no race of the Balkans which by its needs and its deserts is better fitted to evoke sympathy. But Montenegro is the protégé of Russia. That menacing note which was issued *fortissimo* in St. Petersburg and uttered *piano* in Constantinople was a reminder that these skirmishes round Scutari may conceivably end by compelling the attention of Turkey's neighbors. The risk is not one which we should ourselves rate very high. Russia cannot attempt a policy of adventure in the Balkans without German permission. But a situation which makes Russia restless must needs make Austria vigilant. There is just enough of the element of rivalry in such a situation to make it advisable that the Turks should move warily, and end a complication which affects Austria through her ties with the Catholic Albanians, and Russia through the Montenegrin link. Peace they may have, but on terms which the new régime would concede with reluctance—

an abandonment of the fanatical centralisation and the anti-nationalist policy which all the factions of the Young Turkish party appear to hold in common.

The time has gone by when any non-Turkish race could hope by its own act to settle the destinies of the Empire. Its fate in the end depends on the issue of the struggle which has now broken out within the ranks of the Committee itself. We doubt whether even the best-informed of Europeans knows precisely what is happening. The Conservative faction achieved a momentary success by driving Djavid Bey from office. It pursued, in this clever and modern man of Jewish race, its marked anti-Semitic bias and its suspicions of the advanced Parisianised element which dominated the Committee by its Masonic influence. The new departure was a definite step towards reaction, and it inscribed in its programme an overt return to the theocratic conception of a Moslem State, and a more secret resolution to make an end of the nominal equality of Christians and Moslems. But a victory in disposing of offices and portfolios settles nothing under the conditions which prevail in Turkey to-day. The Committee, working from its secret centres in Salonica and Monastir, has been strong enough to check this beginning of disruption. It has brought back the "insurgents" to the party ranks. It has broken the officer who dared to lead them. It has demonstrated at Monastir, by the mysterious murder of a high official, its continued control of the more sinister methods of a secret society. Its hands are everywhere within the Bulgarian districts of Macedonia, cutting down the men who might lead a more effective revolt against its power. It fills its treasury by selling to Greeks, and even to Europeans, immunity from the tremendous incubus of the boycott, which is now its most formidable method of coercion. While it retains, by obscure and unavowable methods, the reality of power, it may leave to less capable rivals the satisfaction of nominating ephemeral ministers and obedient leaders.

It is useless to apply to such proceedings a moral criticism. The sequels of a corrupt and brutal tyranny are working themselves out in the inevitable way.

The really interesting question is how long these two Turkish factions can continue the struggle, without at some point in the conflict bidding for the support of the more capable Christian races. The Conservatives, who appear to be for the moment the more respectable and scrupulous faction, are anti-Christian, because they are orthodox Moslems. The so-called Radicals, led as they are by Jewish brains, and Moslem only in name, are anti-Christian merely in the accidental sense that a narrow and jealous patriotism has made them the foes of the nationalist leanings of the Christian races. It is a choice between the fanatic and the doctrinaire. The practical question is, whether the doctrinaire is capable of modifying his policy, under the stress of difficulty, and in the moment of an imminent defeat. We are not sanguine of any early attempt on the part of the more advanced Young Turks to seek an alliance with the Christian races. The probability is that if they were to attempt it now they would encounter only a too just suspicion from communities which they have threatened and oppressed.

Life and Letters.

THE LATEST CURE.

THE rapid growth of wealth in modern times and the easy communication between distant countries are giving ever-increasing prominence to the problem of diet. Until recent times, the question, "What to eat?" was seldom raised, for some fixed and narrow standard of food prevailed in every locality for every class, except, perhaps, the very rich. It could not be otherwise. For nearly every form of food was quickly perishable, and so must be acquired in the locality. The staple foods and their modes of preparation remained the same from generation to generation, and probably represented a fairly wise and economical use of the natural resources that were available. For the instincts and dawning rationality of every animal species have been engaged from the beginning in the task of selecting life-preserving and rejecting life-destroying or injurious foods. Where any species has been left long in a stable or a slowly decaying environment and has held its own, it must have made a pretty thorough discovery of all or most of the sound foods within its reach, and have learned to combine them and prepare them in wholesome ways. More primitive energy must have gone into these arts than into any other, because they would be most essential for survival. So it seems probable that even to-day the diet of the Greenlander, the Thibetan, the people of Central China, or of any population untouched by civilisation, will be tolerably well adjusted to their physical requirements. Famines or other natural disturbances of supply may afflict them, but they will not worry themselves with the question which is coming to absorb the thoughts and conversation of civilised humanity, "What shall we eat?"

In earlier civilisations little groups of gluttons and gourmets have ransacked the known world for delicate exotic viands. But no King of Babylon or Roman Emperor could furnish his table from one-tenth of the variety of resources now open to any ordinary English villager. If the old standard diet of the latter has not utterly succumbed to the innumerable temptations of the tin and packet goods in his village store, it is because some self-preserving conservatism conspires with his straitened income to protect him. As for the townsman, the invading host of new foods has long swept aside his old conventions. Instead of eating the foods which for long centuries have been built into his stock, he is engaged all the time in experiments in tasty novelties, the risks of which he cannot calculate. For when a crowd of competing merchants dangle before his eyes the endless variety of new groceries, fruits, canned meats; and other viands, recommended by every cunning of advertisement, what reasonable tests can he possibly apply? The instincts by which most wild animals know what to eat, and when they have enough, are not available for him, and no canons of rational guidance have taken their place. Nor is it the ignorant poor alone, or chiefly, that are in this quandary. The well-to-do are hardly better able to protect themselves. It might have been expected that the resources of that "modern science" of which we are so proud, would have been marshalled with most rigorous care to protect the stomachs of the well-to-do, and that some generally accepted orthodox dietaries, accommodated to the ages, occupations, climatic and other conditions of the various members, would have been adopted. But it is not seriously pretended that the least agreement prevails among any considerable section of biologists or doctors even upon the major issues, such as the use of meat, alcohol, legumes, sugar, salt, and other chief ingredients of the ordinary diet. Beyond certain definite prohibitions for specific diseases, the profession, whose chief concern should be to maintain the health of the nation, has no body of authentic advice to offer upon the most obviously vital of all questions. It has become a thread-bare jest of the layman that he will get two widely contradictory opinions on his diet from any two famous consultants to whom he pays a fee. The proportions of proteids and

other ingredients which he requires, the combination of foods that will give them to him, the frequency and size of meals, still remain utterly unsettled controversies in the profession. The cynic, of course, declares that this follows inevitably from a system of remuneration based upon frequency of sickness, not upon the maintenance of health. Improper feeding is evidently the source of an increasing proportion of the ailments which require medical attendance. Will the "services" combine upon a peace campaign? Will lawyers cheerfully support reforms that cheapen land transfer? How can it be expected then, that doctors, in their collective capacity, should gratuitously expend upon prevention the ability and energy they profitably give to operations and to cures? This does not imply that a consultant will not give the best advice he knows upon questions of diet, but it makes it certain that this advice will continue to be crudely empirical, instead of being scientific.

But be the explanation what it may, it remains a lamentable fact that up to the present very little organised scientific research of a disinterested order has been directed to the comparative study of diets. Now, the external conditions of which we have spoken conjoin with the neurotic tendencies of modern civilised life to keep increasing numbers of persons chronically anxious about their digestive processes. No longer sure they have a soul to save, they are the more intent upon saving the stomach, which they know they have. Hence the rise of the variety of hygienic sects, each with its creed, rituals, and miracles attested by a most immaculate array of testimony. The older heresy of vegetarianism splits up into a number of warring species, with particular saving dogmas relating to the virtues or the vices of fruit and nuts, coffee, cooked or uncooked grains. The use of salt or sugar or of white bread becomes a life-and-death issue, and every season brings from America a fresh array of meritorious cereals. Here and there a few biologists or other scientific men enter into the zest of food experiments, and sporting contests are put up between high-proteid men and low-proteid men, frequent and infrequent "mealers," with interesting records of endurance. An ever-growing number of persons, mainly of the educated and leisured classes, are sucked into the sectarian struggle, and are kept wandering from one regimen to another in search of hygienic salvation. It might appear as if this were, perhaps, a profitable, selective process in the discovery of the dietetic "good." But if it be so, the present stage is both wasteful and bewildering, and likely to lead to mere Pyrrhonism. Never to feel quite sure whether the seeming-innocent potato, the blandishments of the tomato, the alluring scent of coffee, the simplicity of the apple (that primal tempter!) may not draw us on to our destruction, is not a tolerable state in which man can abide. Either he will fall back into the reckless abandonment of unclean living, like the beast of the field, devouring what he lusts, or he will revert to an ascetic ideal, eating little or nothing for fear he may eat wrong. Whole schools of modern hygienic saints are heading in this latter direction. In every land are found the followers of Mr. Fletcher and the "Chittenden" experiments, who hold that salvation comes by proper mastication, and that the true goal of food-reform is reached by qualitative as opposed to quantitative feeding. Chew thoroughly, eat little, digest well, waste nothing, are the tenets of this simple gospel. Hasty over-eating is the unpardonable dietetic sin.

It was inevitable that a sect should arise to drive this temperance to its logical extreme. "The less you eat the better you will be" sounds an excellent doctrine; but "eat nothing at all and you will be quite well" appears a more excellent way. To something like this we are brought by the sect whose doctrine and miracles are recorded by Mr. Upton Sinclair in his interesting new volume, "The Fasting Cure" (Heinemann).

There are sanatoria in the United States devoted to the practice of this cure. "The total number of fasts taken was 277, and the average number of days was 6. There were 90 of 5 days or over, 51 of 10 days or over, and 6 of 30 days or over. Out of the 109 persons who wrote to me, 100 reported benefit, and

17 (sic!) of no benefit. Of these 17, about half gave wrong breaking after-fast as the reason for the failure." Mr. Sinclair adduces what he regards as an authentic case of one man, who, starting with a considerable credit of obesity, kept a fast for 80 days. The "theory" is that wrong feeding produces not merely grave functional diseases, but accumulates a great amount of "poisoned" tissue. The latter is got rid of by a fast, which also gives a rest to the digestive organs, that enables them, when got to work again, to do their business properly.

But it is no concern of ours to afford publicity or commendation to hygienic rigors, which are probably most dangerous. Our interest is to illustrate the extremities to which otherwise reasonable men and women are driven by the failure of organized science to make any serious endeavor to develop trustworthy doctrines about food and feeding. This failure, indeed, must be held directly responsible for all the wild and perilous experiments which stray specialists, or food companies, or disinterested fanatics may popularise. For the psychology of all these cures and prejudices is similar. There is no lack of technically sound evidence, no reason to attribute the doctrines to interested charlatanism. Remembering the broad maxim of popular experience, that "one man's food is another man's poison," it will be intelligible enough that most "cures" can, if tried on a sufficient scale, produce a volume of truthful testimony in their favor. It is this very fact that should enforce our present plea for organized scientific inquiry upon a broader basis than has yet been attempted. For it should be the first object of such an inquiry to find the limits to the truth of the popular adage. Are there foods which are not poisonous to any man? In what proportions should such foods be used by persons of different "constitutions," habits, and situations? May "poisons to some men" be safely and usefully consumed by others; if so, by what others? What are the best quantities and compositions for a sound diet for various sorts of physical make-up, and how far can diets be occasionally varied with advantage? Until more authoritative answers than at present are forthcoming to these elementary, if difficult, questions, we shall expect to see the present anomaly of warring food-creeds continue, varied by the application of Mr. Sinclair's advice to those about to eat—"Don't."

It might appear that starvation is so essentially displeasing and so utterly opposed to current practices that it can never be popular. And, indeed, popularity in the larger sense is extremely unlikely. But "fasting" has two factors in its favor which will certainly win for it the consideration of some types of educated persons. The world has seen not a few instances of asceticism as a collective as well as an individual mania, and the spiritual associations that have gathered round the practice will be utilised by the advocates of the starving cure. Moreover, every "cure" may be regarded as the opposite extreme of some disease. Now, over-feeding, as distinct from bad-feeding, is undoubtedly a widespread malady. Until quite modern times the proportion of any population economically able to over-eat habitually was very small. Now, the majority of persons living in such a country as ours are able to over-eat every day, and probably do. In face of the variety of tempting viands at most men's easy disposal, no one would pretend that immediate appetite was a sufficient regulator, either as to kind or quantity: and the check which most men's poverty imposed upon them in the past is now removed. Though, therefore, we may not accept Mr. Sinclair's extreme doctrine of abstinence, it becomes an urgent need to discover and apply rules of sane temperance in eating.

FULL CIRCLE.

THE mutability of fortune is a recurrent exercise, and over the fall of kings mankind has shed sufficient tears to drown surviving potentates. "Call no man happy before he dies," said Solon, and the Lydian autocrat who aptly remembered the saying while they bound

him to the stake, was but the first in a series of illustrations. Slowly the wheel turns round, and lo! the feet of the slave trample the bare head of an emperor whose legs are dangling over inanity's abyss. It is an old tale, and of late years its moral has been frequently pointed for the wholesome admonition of grandeur. "Remember, remember, thou art but a man," the still voice goes crying along the corridors of palaces, and now and again, lest commonplace should pass discredited, supremacy is dragged from its shrine, and exposed in nakedness, like a babe grown old.

Who did not thus moralise upon the transitory radiance of glory in reading how President Diaz escaped from the capital and the country which he had held in sway for nearly forty years? The whole palace was in confusion. Servants hurriedly packed, cramming the necessities and treasures of sovereignty into cases and portmanteaus. In one room a new-born grandchild wailed; in another the ancient centre of authority lay gasping. Outside, the populace yelled. For two days and nights they had howled and rioted. Women led them on—unreasonable women, whose place was the home, ignorant of higher politics, careless of financial interests, rushing in where the angels of speculation feared to tread, mindful only of the starvation wage, the bony child, the shameful life "on the stones," the imprisoned husband, the tortured brother, the family that disappeared, the plantation slavery, and other personal and petty grievances. For two days and nights they howled like dry she-wolves around the palace, instead of starving decently at home, as they had starved for years. From a distance came rumors of advancing rebellion. General Madero was coming. From town to town he was hailed as Liberator. He, a gaol-bird, who should have vanished from the upper world last year—he was being hailed as Liberator, just as Diaz himself was hailed forty-four years ago. Oh, that grand year when freedom executed the imported tyrant, brother to the Imperial heir of all the Cæsars!

The hurried packing was done, the boxes corded, the baby washed and dressed. Like a suburban family starting for the seaside, the sovereign party stood waiting for the cab in the palace hall. It was barely dawn, and sleep still covered the raging populace with innocence. A soft throbbing of motors was heard at the door. An old, old man issued into the morning twilight, and was helped down the steps by valets, still expectant of benefits.

With all the speed of petrol the railway was reached. Pilot engine, armed train, the President's train, and a train with the rear-guard—all stood ready. Silently they drew away from the historical capital upon the lake. At ten o'clock they were stopped; two hundred rebels barred the way. From doors and windows of the trains the machine guns and rifles poured their deadly fire. The loyal regiments themselves dismounted and lined the road in file. The President, hearing again the scream of bullets, reminiscent of ancient fields, commanded the women and children to fling themselves flat upon the carriage floors, and, though terrified, they obeyed. The firing ceased, the rebels withdrew, leaving more than one-eighth of their number dead upon the line. The locomotive caravan advanced. Vera Cruz was reached. Only a bit of sea to cross to Cuba, to Europe, to such safety as eighty years can hope for! It was the President's son who told the story—told it to the "Daily Telegraph" correspondent at Havana. More than one-eighth part of the rebel force left dead! Well, we must allow grandeur a certain flourish as it falls.

There is something antique and Roman about the scene, and we move in a moralised atmosphere of human destiny. Unconsciously we call up the vision of Marius, after disputing the government of the ancient world, seated as a fugitive among the ruins of Carthage; or the vision of invincible Belisarius, old, blind, and begging his bread. Perhaps we think of the Babylonian monarch who browsed the grasses of the wilderness, or of Lear uniting his kingly voice with the ravings of maniacs and the tumultuous elements. No doubt, ex-President Diaz is made fairly comfortable in a first-class cabin, for he never displayed the imprudence that tends to beg-

gary. But still, the decline from royal state, even to first-class comfort, is in itself tragic. We all know the pathos of kings in exile. We know their plaintive efforts to maintain a dignity in their pleasant English homes—their unwillingness to associate with "the county," the uneasy uncertainty of their benevolent hosts upon questions of their "precedence." Should a disrowned King approach his dinner before a duchess whose blood still reigns? These are tragic questions in the daily life of the fallen—pathetic embarrassments, even in the case of weaklings. How much more overwhelming is the drama of the really great, reduced in old age from the very height of long supremacy to a position of common riches!

Porfirio Diaz, in his Presidency, almost fulfilled the very ideal of modern greatness. In his career every virtue, every grace of the true Superman was abundantly displayed. A year ago, Presidents and would-be Presidents of the great neighboring Power rivalled each other in the eloquence of their praises. A year ago, the centenary of his country's struggle for independence was celebrated, and Diaz was hailed as the fine flower which freedom had produced. Travellers described him as the strong man guiding the fortunes of his state with steady hand. Foreign Ministers in the Old World extolled his reign of peace and financial stability. Since 1876, except for one interval, when he gave the office to a friend, every four years, as regular as leap-year, he was re-elected President. The world acclaimed him as the necessary man, the born ruler, the kingly soul who had achieved order out of chaos. Wealthy himself and the cause of wealth in others, he stood as the natural object of admiring esteem, by common consent unworthy to fall, had he not fallen.

There seemed no reason why he should fall. He followed the example of the late King of the Belgians very closely, and King Leopold died, not merely in his bed, but in his palace. Until last autumn, Diaz might have been expected to make an equally good end. He was old, he was eminently successful, he appeared just the kind of man to die leaving large sums to establish a sanatorium or to subsidise a university, where true religion and useful learning might for ever flourish and abound. He had made his peace with finance, and his hope of immortality was solidly founded upon the faith of the Stock-exchange. By concessions of railways, mining rights, and the lands of his country's inhabitants, he had rallied to his side the commanding influence of the speculative nobility and gentry in both hemispheres. England and the United States alone are said to have lent his country £330,000,000 between them, and having lent that amount, they never allowed their belief in him to be shaken. The greatness of Diaz became an article of faith, triumphantly proclaimed by all the investors, brokers, and journalists of the orthodox world. To maintain this hard-won confidence, he imitated Tsars in employing great bodies of secret police, deporting, imprisoning, and torturing offenders whose political opinions did not coincide with his own, or causing them suddenly to disappear. To increase the security of investments, he reduced the working population to slavery, converting large parts of Mexico into plantations as lucrative as the Congo. Under his rule was created the wealth of the Valle Nacional, into which, it is believed, 15,000 slaves are annually driven, because about the same number die. Under his rule a system of export slavery has been devised for developing the henequen or sisal hemp cultivation in Yucatan. It is of the same nature as the export slavery which cultivates the cocoa in the Portuguese African islands of San Thomé and Principe, and apparently it is equally successful in supplying the markets of the world with a commodity that the public wants. At every point success attended his persistent endeavors to promote development. With equal felicity he imitated Russian despotism, Congo atrocities, and Portuguese slavery. Surely he had a right in each case to expect the same happy issue as resulted where those systems had prevailed. But yet, at the last moment, unequal fortune, having smiled for many years, displayed against him her fickle perversity, and he fell.

He had labored faithfully at his appointed task. He had followed every rule of modern statecraft. Eschewing kindness, pity, freedom, and honor, he toiled after efficiency in every branch of government and industry, nor can it be said that he fell short of his object. He won the applause of solid opinion and established powers; he received the grateful recognition of even timid investors. The rising against him is said to have been led by the untamed dwellers in scattered pueblos and ranches of Chihuahua, a northern frontier State. Wild riders and ranchers, such as Mr. Cunningham-Graham loves to describe, brought him to ruin—they and a few women, for we hear of a Margarita Neri, "the Mexican Joan of Arc," among his most dreaded foes. Cowboys and women—what a force to strike down the esteemed head of a stable government so successfully established upon blood, captivity, and pain, supported also by the benign approval and fructifying millions of the outer world! We did well to begin with recalling the purposeless mutability of fortune, and the quaking uncertainty of highest estate. Or may it perhaps be that, now and again, amid the apparent chaos of fortuitous destinies, we may hear the padding footstep of a Hound of Heaven lamely pursuing the tyrant in his prosperity, and sometimes gaining upon him suddenly as he stands secure?

A VILLAGE HAMPDEN.

WHEN King Charles II. came to his own again, in 1660, many men saw the chance of an ecclesiastical peace which, many more will ever regret, was lost. The King's promise was "that no man shall be disquieted or called in question for differences of opinion in matters of religion which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom." The Presbyterian leaders hoped to see an episcopacy limited by local synods, but the reaction was too strong for them in Parliament, and at the Court. If the scheme had succeeded, we may safely suppose that the Church of England would have become a democratic Church; in course of time the "new Presbyter" would have given way before the laity, as he gave way in Scotland, so far, at any rate, as to give to the layman who desired it some power of translating his ideas upon Church affairs into action. There would have been no real break with the past. Medieval precedents are not wanting for the lay share in local government of the Church. There need have been no real interferences with the growth of sacerdotal theology, so far as this kind of thinking was implicit in the Elizabethan settlement. Perhaps the decorous High Churchmanship of Dr. Grantley would have never been; but the dependence of the parson on the squire would have been unknown also.

It is an idle dream. Yet let us think what realisation would have meant for our countryside. The village parson would have felt the influence of the clerical democracy. The organisation of the parish would certainly have become stronger. The parish would not have been "strangled"; it would not have given way to the subservient vestry. The justices of the peace would have directed an organic local life, as they did in Tudor times, just as bishops and archdeacons would have directed the organisation of the clergy. When the great strain began to tell upon the villages, the new capitalists would not have had it their own way. Perhaps we should have been ignorant of Methodism, Benthamism, and of the Manchester School as we know them now, but the spirit of these great movements would have been breathed quietly through town and country alike. And in the villages themselves, religious men would have gone to the same church, and all alike, religious or not, would have known a public life.

Instead, we have village dissent as the vehicle of the democratic spirit, and we have the slow bureaucratic attempt to restore through Parish Councils, Small Holdings, Co-operation, Agricultural Colleges, a public life which should never have been lost. We are convinced that the ordinary idea of village dissent, and of its cause, is profoundly wrong. The dissenting chapel,

whatever its history may be, has essentially a political origin. It expresses the desire for "political" life, for that co-operation in responsible social construction without which man loses half his manhood. It is carelessly assumed at times that the perversity of dissent creates the radicalism of the village. On the contrary, there is a power of independent thought, and a craving for its free expression, in every village as in every city; and it is the tragedy of our local history that this power and this craving have been deprived of free and regular exercise more by the social alienation of the almost autocratic parson from his parish, than by the development of the modern squire. The theology of the chapel is, when formulated, as dogmatic as the Thirty-nine Articles. The chapel-goers sing the same hymns in the same accents as those of the churchgoers, and with identical fervor; they share in the same pursuits, call their children by the same names, repeat the same stories. The influences of wood and field play upon all alike; all are *pagani*.

"Banished is the white Foam-born
Not from here, nor under ban
Phœbus' lyrist, Phœbe's horn,
Pipings of the reedy Pan."

But the stalwart of the chapel thinks, if not with more independence, with more range than his neighbor who goes to church. He will speak to you of the aristocracy with no less knowledge of their pedigrees, but with an intellectual aloofness, a courteous indifference to their influence, which reminds you that he is one gentleman speaking of another. In his life of busy leisure he finds time, which is denied to his more emotional or self-centred brother in the town, to use his mind. He was brought up to appreciate Cowper's poetry, and he speaks with natural force and dignity, as a born fellow countryman of Mr. Bright. Books like Mr. Picton's "Cromwell," or Dr. John Pulsford's sermons, may be found in his library, alongside Gladstone's speeches and the first edition of "In Memoriam." The "New Theology," by no means new to some men of this type, is replacing Mr. Picton now, but the spirit is unchanged. It is not an unprejudiced, but it is a democratic spirit.

The writer always thinks of one man when he tries to explain to himself the village Hampden of to-day. He is a Justice of the Peace—one of the few justices of the grazier and small farming class. He is shrewd, yet unsuspicious, and at the age of eighty or more shows in his quiet, unruffled face the innocence which he has never lost. His views are somewhat too advanced for the village chapel, which he regularly attends and helps to maintain. Indeed, we have heard him narrate the life of Buddha with sympathy and respect. As a politician, he felt keenly about the South African war; it is significant that he nearly left the chapel, because some of his fellow worshippers did not agree with him in his support of the Boers. At that time his passion was deep without excitement, inspired by the New Testament rather than by political knowledge; at all times he is under the influence of moral theory in his political views: we cannot separate our natural village democracy now from the temper of Radical dissent. Yet we remember him best as a countryman. We like to meet him in the road as he leads his horses with a steady step untouched by age. We can see him, as we write, among his cattle by the edge of a wood in the early morning; he is standing knee-deep in the dewy grass, clad in his long white linen coat.

ON DIALECT WORDS.

CHAMFLEURY, in the preface to his collection of French popular songs, relates the following amusing but pathetic incident of the last century educational campaign against dialect:—

"Un enfant de paysans avait été puni plusieurs fois par le maître d'école pour avoir conversé en patois avec ses camarades; rien ne pouvait lui enlever ce restant de patois, auquel il tenait presque autant qu'à une tartine. Les arrêts, les privations de congé, le pain sec, ne

suffisant pas pour lutter contre ce patois acharné, le maître d'école fourre au cachot ce petit paysan obstiné. A cette époque, le Ministre de l'Instruction publique envoyait ses Instructions relatives aux poésies populaires de la France à tous les archéologues de France, aux correspondants du comité de la langue, aux curés, aux instituteurs, enfin à tous ceux qui par leur éducation et leur position, pouvaient comprendre l'intérêt de cette publication. Le maître d'école fut invité, comme les autres, à recueillir dans le village les chansons anciennes en patois. 'Voilà mon affaire,' dit-il en pensant au petit drôle qui ne pouvait pas arriver à causer en pure langue française. Justement l'enfant savait beaucoup de chansons, mais le cachot l'avait trop bien corrigé. Jamais le maître d'école put tirer un chanson de sa mémoire. 'Oué, je ne veux retourner en prison,' disait-il, craignant une ruse de son maître."

The writer was reminded of this little story in turning over Professor Skeat's handbook on "English Dialects," one of the "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature," now being published by the Cambridge University Press. This excellent little book puts a great deal of sound wisdom in a simple and popular form, and should do much good. For instance, we read:—"The speaker of the 'standard' language is frequently tempted to consider himself as the dialect speaker's superior, unless he has already acquired some elementary knowledge of the value of the science of language, or has sufficient common-sense to be desirous of learning something which at present lies beyond him." We may hope that this manual will lead many to see that language is not an arbitrary and stereotyped convention, but a wind blowing where it listeth, a universal gift which men assimilate in their own way, or an innate faculty to which they give their own expression, a great ocean full of currents and eddies, a "world sea," or an atmosphere enveloping the globe.

The following sentence again puts the truth with regard to dialect in a nutshell:—"In direct contradiction of a common popular error that looks upon our common dialectal forms as 'corrupt,' it will be found by experience that they are remarkably conservative and antique." Professor Skeat instances the word "hrinde" for "hoarfrost," occurring in an ancient Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. This was always supposed to have been a scribe's mistake for "hrmige," until the publication of the fifth volume of Dr. Joseph Wright's Dialect Dictionary in 1904, "in which it is shown that in the dialects of Scotland, Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire, the word for 'hoarfrost' is not 'rime,' but 'rind,' with a derived adjective 'rindy,' which has the sense of 'rimy.'" Now, the present writer as a boy, not in Scotland or in Yorkshire, but in Sussex, never heard "hoarfrost" called anything but "rindy frost." (One must remember that a certain interpenetration of dialects is always being caused by the coming and going of the people to and from all parts of the country.) "Rime" is, no doubt, a beautiful word, a word for one of D. G. Rossetti's ballads, but "rind," the "hrinde" of the Old Chronicle, happens to be the word the English people made, and which North and South to this day have still preserved. Many vulgarisms, distressing to polite ears, are in reality good old English uses. For instance, "a party" was, and indeed still is, very commonly used for a person, an individual. "A party told me last night" to us, however, is suggestive of Sairey Gamp or "Mrs. Brown at the Seaside." But in the early seventeenth century, Bishop Andrewes, preaching on Good Friday before King Charles, begins his sermon with the words: "Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?" This is evidently the voice of a party in great extremity."

It may not be without interest to set down here some dialect words which a generation ago were in common use in Sussex, where the writer's experience of the state of a Wayfarer began. Many of these are mentioned as occurring in different parts of England; some few we never remember seeing in print at all. To be hungry, for instance, was always called being "leer." (This word, by the way, is spelt "lear" in the Handbook.) It is, of course, the German "leer," "empty."

"His bill was sharp, his stomach leary," we read in a dialect poem about a Wiltshire blackbird. A dreary, out-of-the-way place would be spoken of as very "ellinge." This is possibly connected with the German "Elend." A word for "steam," which we have never come across since, was "roke." A dish, fresh from the fire, would be spoken of, not as "steaming hot" or "piping hot," but as "roking hot." This again is the German "Rauch," the Scots "reek." As one began to learn German these words came back to one, giving a strange sense of the unity of language and the solidarity of the human race. One curious word is quoted by Professor Skeat, who gives an example of its use from Sir Walter Scott—"eme" for "uncle." The writer has never heard the word. But we have all heard of "Oom Paul." But to return to Sussex. There is no book-word for the stalk or stem of a small fruit nearly so good as the South Country "strig." To this day one instinctively thinks of the stem, say, of a bunch of currants by this name. Quite late in life we discovered to our amazement that "strig" was not a word to be found in any dictionary. A snail, again, in Sussex was always a "snag." The word "snail" was reserved for the dainty little creature with the striped shell. The writer remembers, as a very little boy in a long pinafore, standing amid the laden gooseberry bushes with a big luscious gooseberry in one hand, and a great slimy "snag" in the other, and, in a moment of abstraction, popping the latter *bonne bouche* into his mouth and inadvertently crunching it up. He has never since been able to venture on the plumpest Burgundian escargot, fed on vine leaves.

Another word familiar to us in those early days was "gahm" or "gaum," meaning a "sticky smear." We have never seen the word in print, nor had heard it once, until some years ago at Lugano, a young American, evidently from a remote New England village, amazed us by suddenly exclaiming, "I'm gahmed from head to foot." This confirmed us in a favorite theory that many so-called "Americanisms" are simply old English forms of speech, carried across the Atlantic by the Pilgrim Fathers. These forms have for the most part become obsolete in the old country since their time. As a child, the writer never heard any other word for the autumn than the so-called "American" term, "the fall." Quite recently we have heard in Lincolnshire the Yankee "I guess" for "I think" or "I suppose." In all probability "I guess" is not "Yankee" at all, but good old Lincolnshire English. An expression familiar to our childish ears, on which we have never received any subsequent light, is "to be grammered in dirt." We used to hear it daily. It seems admirably expressive. "A no nation thing" or "a no nation lot" was a scornful phrase in frequent use. It was recently lighted up for us at the distribution of the Good Friday dole in a Lincolnshire village. "What's your name?" it was asked of a half-witted applicant. "John," was the reply. We tried in vain to extract a surname. "What's your nation?" shouted the Churchwarden. One speaks, of course, at random, but one's mind at once went back to a time before surnames were invented, say, to the days of the Plantagenets. "What's your name?" the official would demand of a stranger seeking to obtain some kind of passport. "John" would be the reply. "What's your nation?" and the answer would be "Norman" or "Breton," "Scot" or "Fleming," as the case may be. Many surnames, of course, are names of this kind. "To have neither name nor nation" was another phrase, expressive of the very depth of ignominious contempt.

A complaining invalid or a fretful child would be said "to be always grisping and griping." "To speel about" or "to be speeled out" was an admirable expression for the ostentatious display of finery. The very word "speel" is like the spreading of a peacock's tail. A "rig" was any kind of striking dress, or unusual antic or performance. "He doesn't know what rig to be up to," it would be said, or "I never saw anyone rigged out like that." "To act it" was always said of anyone protesting too much, or

making any kind of unnecessary fuss. "Weeson" was sometimes, but not often, used for the throat. Dr. Johnson gives the meaning of "sweal" or "swale," as "to melt," "to waste away," but the writer remembers it as always used of the burning smell of linen, or, say, one's trousers, when too near the fire. "All arts and parts" was a phrase meaning "everywhere," "in all directions." The word "art," however, strictly refers to the quarter from which the wind blows. "The wind's in a very queer art" it will be said, when for many days together it has blown steadily from the East. This, however, is used all over England. A very pretty Sussex word, noted by Dr. Neale, was "chavish," for the warbling of birds. Sloes and blackthorn berries were always called "hedgепicks," "winterpicks." All over rural England a hedgehog is still an "urchin," as it was in the days of the "Golden Legend." The children often add the descriptive epithet, "prickle-back." "We've found a prickleback urchin," they will say.

The rustic descriptive phrases for living creatures are indeed admirable—so much better than book-words. Professor Skeat quotes a delightful little discussion in dialect between two laborers in the Isle of Wight, as to whether a beetle is a "straddlebob" or a "dumbledore." "Can't you see, with the eyes in your head, it's a dumbledore?" asks the one. "It's been called a straddlebob ever since the Island was first made," replies the other. (We suppress the dialect spelling.) Neither of these names could be bettered. In many parts of England a bat is a "flutter mouse," the German "Fledermaus." In Surrey the rustics always call it a "bat mouse." The book-word "bat" is admitted, but is felt to convey nothing. What is plain is that the creature is a flying mouse, and a name is coined which expresses this. In Yorkshire, by the way, blackberries are "bumblekites." "A bumblekite dumpling" is a delightful name for a blackberry pudding.

The writer has left no space in which to speak of the Northern dialects, with which the course of his earthly pilgrimage has also made him familiar. He thinks with a great kindness of many simple souls, who do their best honestly to "addle" all they can—of mothers who struggle to send the children to school clean and "mensful," who "side away" the tea-things on winter nights, and make a "lowe" and sit by the cheerful blaze. He sees the "barns" "laking about" in the little street, and by the side of the "beck." He knows the village in winter, when the ice-covered roads are so "sloape" that one must walk very warily upon them. He calls up the ever-recurring prophecies of the weather, "ablins it'll be fine," and "happen it'll get out." Professor Skeat very rightly insists that the English spoken north of the Tweed is essentially the same tongue as Lowland Scots. Language is not an arbitrary invention, to be artificially and painfully acquired, but is the free play of the human mind, expressing with a marvellous felicity and exactness its most intimate experiences, which are everywhere the same. By imperceptible gradations, by a slow but continual variation of accent, of emphasis, of pronunciation, these expressions have become mutually unrecognisable, but their underlying unity is continually revealed and lighted up. It is said that Adam saw in vision the long procession of all his children till the world's end pass before his eyes, and in that same trance he must have heard from all their countless lips the "many voices" which are the one Voice of Humanity.

Short Studies.

THE MONT-BAZILLAC.

I.

I HAVE a sincere respect and liking for the Vicar of Gantick—"th' old Parson Kendall," as we call him—but have somewhat avoided his hospitality since Mrs. Kendall took up with the teetotal craze. I say nothing against the lady's renouncing, an she choose, the light dinner claret, the cider, the port (pale with long maturation

ing in the wood) which her table afforded of yore: nor do I believe that the Vicar, excellent man, repines deeply—though I once caught the faint sound of a sigh as we stood together and conned his apple-trees, ungarnished, shedding their fruit at random in the long grasses. For his glebe contains a lordly orchard, and it used to be a treat to watch him, his greenish third-best coat stuck all over with apple-pips and shreds of pomace, as he helped to work the press at the great annual cider-making. But I agree with their son, Master Dick, that "it's rough on the guests."

Master Dick is now in his second year at Oxford; and it was probably for his sake, to remove temptation from the growing lad, that Mrs. Kendall first discovered the wickedness of all alcoholic drink. Were he not an ordinary, good-natured boy—had he, as they say, an ounce of vice in him—I doubt the good lady's method might go some way towards defeating her purpose. As things are, it will probably take no worse revenge upon her than by weaning him insensibly away from home, to use his vacation-times in learning to be a man.

Last Long Vacation, in company with a friend he calls Jinks, Master Dick took a Canadian canoe out to Bordeaux by steamer, and spent six adventurous weeks in descending the Dordogne and exploring the Garonne with its tributaries. On his return he walked over to find me smoking in my garden after dinner, and gave me a gleeful account of his itinerary.

"... and the next place we came to was Bergerac," said he, after ten minutes of it.

"Ah!" I murmured. "Bergerac!"

"You know it?"

"Passably well," said I. "It lies toward the edge of the claret country; but it grows astonishing claret. When I was your age it grew a wine yet more astonishing."

"Hullo!" Master Dick paused in the act of lighting his pipe and dropped the match hurriedly as the flame scorched his fingers.

"It was grown on a hill just outside the town—the Mont-Bazillac. I once drank a bottle of it."

"Lord! You too? . . . Do tell me what happened!"

"Never," I responded firmly. "The Mont-Bazillac is extinct, swept out of existence by the phylloxera when you were a babe in arms. *Infandum jubes renovare*—no one any longer can tell you what that wine was. They made it of the ripe grape. It had the raisin flavor with something—no more than a hint—of Madeira in it: the leathery tang—how to describe it?"

"You need not try, when I have two bottles of it at home, at this moment!"

"When I tell you—" I began.

"Oh, but wait till you've heard the story!" he interrupted. "As I was saying, we came to Bergerac and put up for the night at the *Couronne d'Or*—first-class cooking. Besides ourselves there were three French bagmen at the *table d'hôte*. The usual sort. Jinks, who talks worse French than I do (if that's possible), and doesn't mind, got on terms with them at once. . . . For my part I can always hit it off with a commercial—it's the sort of mind that appeals to me—and these French bagmen *do* know something about eating and drinking. That's how it happened. One of them started chaffing us about the *ordinaire* we were drinking—quite a respectable tap, by the way. He had heard that Englishmen drank only the strongest wine, and drank it in any quantities. Then another said: 'Ah, messieurs, if you would drink for the honor of England, *justement* you should match yourselves here in this town against the famous Mont-Bazillac.' 'What is this Mont-Bazillac?' we asked: and they told us—well, pretty much what you told me just now—adding, however, that the landlord kept a few precious bottles of it. They were quite fair in their warnings."

"Which, of course, you disregarded."

"For the honor of England. We rang for the landlord—a decent fellow, Sébillot by name—and at first, I may tell you, he wasn't at all keen on producing the stuff;

kept protesting that he had but a small half-dozen left, that his daughter was to be married in the autumn, and he had meant to keep it for the wedding banquet. However, the bagmen helping, we persuaded him to bring up two bottles. A frantic price it was, too—frantic for us. Seven francs a bottle."

"It was four francs fifty even in my time."

"The two bottles were opened. Jinks took his, and I took mine. We had each *arrosé* the dinner with about a pint of Bordeaux; nothing to count. We looked at each other straight. I said, 'Be a man, Jinks! A *votre santé* messieurs!' and we started. . . . As you said just now, it's a most innocent-tasting wine."

"As a matter of fact I didn't say so. Still, you are right."

"The fourth and fifth glasses, too, seemed to have no more kick in them than the first. . . . Nothing much seemed to be happening, except that Sébillot had brought in an extra lamp—at any rate the room was brighter, and I could see the bagmen's faces more distinctly as they smiled and congratulated us. I drank off the last glass 'to the honor of England,' and suggested to Jinks—who had kept pace with me, glass for glass—that we should take a stroll and view the town. There was a fair (as I had heard) across the bridge. . . . We stood up together. I had been feeling nervous about Jinks, and it came as a relief to find that he was every bit as steady on his legs as I was. We said good-evening to the bagmen and walked out into the street. 'Up the hill or down?' asked Jinks, and I explained to him very clearly that, since rivers followed the bottoms of their valleys, we should be safe in going downhill if we wanted to find the bridge. And I'd scarcely said the words before it flashed across me that I was drunk as Chloé."

"Here's another thing—I'd never been drunk before, and I haven't been drunk since: but all the same I knew that this wasn't the least like ordinary drunkenness: it was too—what shall I say?—too brilliant. The whole town of Bergerac belonged to me: and, what was better, it was lit so that I could steer my way perfectly, although the street seemed to be quite amazingly full of people, jostling and chattering. I turned to call Jinks's attention to this, and was saying something about a French crowd—how much cheerfuller it was than your average English one—when all of a sudden Jinks wasn't there! No, nor the crowd! I was alone on Bergerac bridge, and I leaned with both elbows on the parapet and gazed at the Dordogne flowing beneath the moon."

"It was not an ordinary river, for it ran straight up into the sky: and the moon, unlike ordinary moons, kept whizzing on an axis like a Catherine wheel, and would swell every now and then and burst into showers of the most dazzling fireworks. I leaned there and stared at the performance, feeling just like a king—proud, you understand, but with a sort of noble melancholy. I knew all the time that I was drunk; but that didn't seem to matter. The bagmen had told me—"

I nodded again. "That's one of the extraordinary things about the Mont-Bazillac. It's all over in about an hour, and there's not (as the saying goes) a headache in a hogshead."

"I wouldn't quite say that," said Dick reflectively. "But you're partly right. All of a sudden the moon stopped whizzing, the river lay down in its bed, and my head became clear as a bell. 'The trouble will be,' I told myself, 'to find the Hotel again.' But I had no trouble at all. My brain picked up bearing after bearing like clockwork. I worked back up the street like a prize Baden-Powell scout, found the portico, remembered the stairway to the left, leading to the lounge, went up it, and dropped into an armchair with a happy sigh. My only worry, as I picked up a copy of the "*Gil Blas*" and began to study it, was about Jinks. But, you see, there wasn't much call to go searching after him when my own experience told me it would be all right."

"There were, may be, half-a-dozen men in the lounge, scattered about in the armchairs and smoking. By and by, glancing up from my newspaper, I noticed that two or three had their eyes fixed on me pretty curiously. One of them—an old boy with a grizzled

moustache—set down his paper, and came slowly across the room. 'Pardon, monsieur,' he said in the politest way, 'but have we the honor of numbering you amongst our members?' 'Good Lord!' cried I, sitting up, 'isn't this the *Couronne d'Or*?' 'Pray let monsieur not discommode himself,' said he, with a quick no-offence sort of smile, 'but he has made a little mistake. This is the *Cercle Militaire*.'

"I must say those French officers were jolly decent about it: especially when I explained about the Mont-Bazillac. They saw me back to the hotel in a body; and, as we turned in at the porchway, who should come down the street but Jinks, striding elbows to side, like a man in a London-to-Brighton competition! . . . He told me, as we found our bedrooms, that 'of course, he had gone up the hill, and that the view had been magnificent.' I did not argue about it, luckily: for—here comes in another queer fact—*there was no moon at all that night*. Next morning I wheedled two more bottles of the stuff out of old Sébillot—which leaves him two for the wedding. I thought that you and I might have some fun with them. . . . Now tell me *your* experience."

"That," said I, "must wait until you unlock my tongue; if indeed you have brought home the genuine Mont-Bazillac."

As it happened, Master Dick was called up to Oxford unexpectedly, a week before the beginning of term, to start practice in his college "four." Our experiment had to be postponed; with what result you shall hear.

About a fortnight later I read in our local paper that the Bishop had been holding a Confirmation service in Gantick Parish Church. The paragraph went on to say that "a large and reverent congregation witnessed the ceremony, but general regret was expressed at the absence of our respected Vicar through a temporary indisposition. We are glad to assure our readers that the reverend gentleman is well on the way to recovery, and indeed has already resumed his ministration in the parish, where his genial presence and quick sympathies, &c."

This was reassuring; but it laid an obligation upon me to walk over to Gantick and inquire about my old friend's health: which I did that same afternoon. Mrs. Kendall received me with the information that her husband was quite well again, and out-and-about; that in fact he had started, immediately after luncheon, to pay a round of visits on the outskirts of the parish. On the nature of his late indisposition she showed herself reticent, not to say "short" in her answers; nor, though the hour was four o'clock, did she invite me to stay and drink tea with her.

On my way back, and just within the entrance-gate of the vicarage drive, I happened on old Trewoon, who works at odd jobs under the gardener, and was just now busy with a besom, sweeping up the first fall of autumn leaves. Old Trewoon, I should tell you, is a Wesleyan, and a radical of the sardonic sort, and, as a jobbing man, holds himself free to criticise his employers.

"Good afternoon!" said I. "This is excellent news that I hear about the Vicar. I was afraid, when I first heard of his illness, that it might be something serious—at his age—"

"Serious?" Old Trewoon rested his hands on the besom-handle and eyed me, with a curious twist of his features. "Missus didn't tell you the natur' of the complaint, I reckon?"

"As a matter of fact she did not."

"I bet she didn't. Mind you, I don't know, nuther . . . And what, makin' so bold, did she tell about the Churchwardens?"

"The Churchwardens?" I echoed.

"Ay, the Churchwardens: Matthey Hancock an' th' old Farmer Truslove. They was took ill right about the same time. Aw, my dear,"—Mr. Trewoon addresses all mankind impartially as "my dear"—"th' hull parish knaws about *they*. Though there war'n't no concealment, for that matter."

"What about the Churchwardens?" I asked innocently, and of a sudden became aware that he was rocking to and fro in short spasms of inward laughter.

"—It started wi' the Bishop's motor breakin' down; whereby he and his man spent the better part of two hours in a God-forsaken lane somewhere t'other side of Hen's Beacon, tryin' to make her go. He'd timed hisself to reach here punctual for the lunchin' the Missus always has ready on Confirmation Day: nobody to meet His Lordship but theirselves and the two Churchwardens, an' you may guess that Hancock an' Truslove had turned up early in their best broadcloth and lookin' to have the time o' their lives.

"They were pretty sharp-set, too, by one o'clock, bein' used to eat their dinners at noon sharp. One o'clock comes—no Bishop: two o'clock and still no Bishop. 'There's been a naccyident,' says the Missus: 'but thank the Lord the vittles is cold!' 'Maybe he've forgot the day,' says the Vicar; 'but, any way, we'll give en another ha'f-hour's grace an' then set-to,' says he, takin' pity on the noises old Truslove was makin' wi' his weskit. . . . So said, so done. At two-thirty—service bein' fixed for ha'f-after-three—they all fell to work.

"You d'know, I daresay, what a craze the Missus have a-took o' late against the drinkin' habit. Sally, the parlormaid, told me as how, first along, th' old lady set out by hintin' that the Bishop, bein' a respec'er o' conscience, wouldn't look for anything stronger on the table than home-brewed lemonade. But there the Vicar struck; and findin' no way to shake him, she made terms by outin' with two bottles o' wine that, to her scandal, she'd rummaged out from a cupboard o' young Master Dick's since he went back to Oxford College. She decanted 'em (chuckle), an' th' old Vicar allowed, havin' tasted the stuff, that—though he had lost the run o' wine lately, an' didn't reckernise whether 'twas port or what-not—seemin' to him 'twas a sound wine and fit for any gentleman's table. 'Well, at any rate,' says the Missus, 'my boy shall be spared the temptation: an' I hope 'tis no sign he's betaken hisself to secret drinkin'!'

"Well, then it was decanted: an' Hancock and Truslove, nothin' doubtful, begun to lap it up like so much milk—the Vicar helpin', and the Missus rather encouragin' than not, to the extent o' the first decanter; thinkin' that 'twas good riddance to the stuff and that if the Bishop turned up, he wouldn't look, as a holy man, for more than ha'f a bottle. I'm tellin' it you as Sally told it to me. She says that everything went on as easy as eggs in a nest until she started to hand round the sweets, and all of a sudden she didn't know what was happenin' at table, nor whether she was on her head or her heels. . . . All I can tell you, sir, is that me and Battershall—[Battershall is the vicarage gardener, stableman, and factotum]—'was waitin' in the stables, wonderin' when in the deuce the Bishop would turn up, when we heard the whistle blown from the kitchen: which was the signal. Out we ran; an' there to be sure was the Bishop comin' down the drive in a hired trap. But between him and the house—slap-bang, as you might say, in the middle o' the lawn—was our two Churchwardens, stripped mother-naked to the waist, and sparing: and from the window just over the porch th' old Missus screaming out to us to separate 'em. No, nor that wasn't the worst: for as his Lordship's trap drove up the two tom-fools stopped their boxin' to stand 'pon their toes and blow kisses at him!

"I must say that Battershall showed great presence o' mind. He shouted to me to tackle Truslove, while he ran up to Matthey Hancock an' butted him in the stomach; an' together we'd heaved the two tom-fools into the shrubbery almost afore his Lordship could believe his eyes. I won't say what had happened to the Vicar, for I don't rightway know."

"Quite so," I interrupted, edging towards the gate and signifying with a gesture of the hand that I had heard enough.

Old Trewoon's voice followed me. "You don't understand me, sir. I was goin' to say that such a sight was enough to make any gentleman take to his bed. But—" as the gate rang on its hasp and rang again—"I've been thinkin' powerful *what might ha' happened if his Lordship had turned up in due time.*"

Master Dick is a good boy: and when we met in the Christmas Vacation no allusion was made to the Mont-Bazillac. On my part, I am absolved from my promised confession, and my lips shall remain locked. That great, that exhilarating, that redoubtable wine, has—with the nuptials of M. Sébillot's daughter—perished finally from earth. I wonder what happened in Bergerac on that occasion, and if it had a comparable apotheosis!

Q.

Art.

PLASTIC DESIGN.

In drawing or painting the artist may use his contour either to define areas or to create volumes. In the former case, however accurately the areas are defined, we get at best a likeness to some more vivid reality, in the latter we may get the embodiment of an idea of form. There are, of course, all degrees of intensity and coherence in such embodied ideas, degrees which take us from the greatest to the slightest of artists, but I believe any drawing or painting, which has definite creative power, must possess in some degree this voluminous and plastic design. It is the peculiar disadvantage of our national temperament, as regards the arts of design, that this plastic structural imagination is so little developed. This reacts almost as disastrously on our painting as upon our sculpture. Our pictures suffer from our excessive fondness for the pictorial. We are, indeed, exceedingly anxious to make pictures, but this desire, however admirable, often defeats its own end, since great pictures result from certain definite feelings about the material or visible world, rather than from the desire to create works of art. This lack of the sense for plastic design sometimes nullifies special aptitudes and talents, which with its aid would come to full fruition. When once the plastic relations are duly established in a design, when once the relations of each volume to the other are ascertained, everything takes its due place "in the picture," even though the artist may choose to disregard the niceties of tone and color values, even though his proportions are obviously inaccurate as representation. Whereas, without this fundamental quality nothing can truly be said to take its place in the picture, since there is no really constructed ideated space for them to exist in. This power of evoking voluminous and plastic ideas of form seems, indeed, to distinguish more than anything else the artist from the illustrator or delineator.

Now the better among the modern French painters have this power of creating definite plastic ideas and, at the International Society's Exhibition at the Grafton, though there were no masterpieces and even the few artists represented were not always shown at their best, the work of men like Denis, Maufra, Bonnard, and Bussy stands out from its surroundings pre-eminently by this fact. M. Bonnard's Etude No. 117 is remarkable in the way in which, in spite of rather vague atmospheric color, the figure asserts itself. It becomes credible and has a life of its own, so that we realize as much of the sitter's character and daily life as we might from the opening chapters of a novel. Here it is true the idea of character is not intended to be very profound, it is rather a witty incisive rendering of the superficial aspect, but it has this arresting quality of reality and credibility. For all his delicate elusiveness of method, M. Bonnard imposes a definite idea and creates an illusion of reality, and this, I think, largely because of his plastic feeling for form.

Compare with this Mr. Steer's "End of the Chapter" at the New English Art Club. The subject is similar—the girl instead of playing with a dog, as in M. Bonnard's Etude, has just laid aside her novel, and leans forward to warm her hands at the fire. Both pictures are pure *genre* pieces, with no higher aim than what may be revealed in a trifling everyday situation, but in M. Bonnard's we guess at the whole of a life, we feel the reality of the interior; that the room has

been actually lived in, that it reflects the lives and characters of its inhabitants and moulds them in its turn. Mr. Steer's picture gives us no hint of the life behind and beyond what is actually seen. It is a *nature morte* deliberately arranged so as to include within the limits of the composition as many agreeable and charming objects as possible. It is somehow clear to us that Mr. Steer's lady never existed in that situation, that the novel is a fiction, and her attitude a pose. All here is subservient to the picture-making instinct of the artist. There is no sign of abandonment to any feeling, no subjection to reality on the artist's part. And this indifference makes itself felt precisely through the want of any plastic reality in the design. The drawing is only a competent delineation of the areas of vision occupied by each object; it creates no illusion of real form, stimulates to no imaginative apprehension. Strangely enough this brings with it a loss of some of those qualities which were so pre-eminent in Mr. Steer's earlier work; nothing here takes its place in the picture; there is no grasp of relative value, every detail of the marquetry pattern on the furniture is done with the same placid uninspired competence as the profile; there is no longer atmosphere nor expressive handling of paint. With unconscious irony Mr. Steer has called his work the "End of the Chapter"—one hopes, indeed, that it is the end of a chapter, the saddest one in a story of great and genuine achievement, and that he may have the energy to turn the page.

In contrast to this I would call attention to Mr. Walter Sickert's "Ebony Bed" in the same exhibition—dull enough in content—a figure sitting on a cheaply upholstered bed in a dowdy French bedroom; this is *genre* without any of the charm with which Mr. Steer has sought to enliven his composition, nor has it anything of M. Bonnard's witty sensibility. We are brought down to bare facts of vision, but these are stated with such a fine understanding of their relations, the forms are realized with such plastic feeling, that instead of the depression which the dowdy familiarity of the room would in actual life arouse, we feel a shock of surprised delight that, after all, this vision of it has such a curious reconde beauty.

Few British artists have aimed so consistently at this creative plastic idea of drawing as Mr. Will Rothenstein, and at last he seems to be reaping the fruits of his labors. His two pictures of Indian life at the New English are, I think, the most impressive things in the whole exhibition, and their impressiveness comes from the fact that he has surrendered himself so entirely to the essential plastic relations of things. In the "Morning on the Ganges" he has expressed the solidity and mass of the great marble wall rising sheer from the river bank into the blazing light. To make this vivid to the imagination may seem a simple thing; in reality it is only by the rare and hardly-acquired gift of creative draughtsmanship that it can be done, and here the illusion of solidity, of resistance, and of height, is vivid and irresistible, and it is by the grasp of these elementary ideas that the figures gain a singular impressiveness and dignity, so that without any sentimental exaggeration, any wilful emphasis, the whole scene impresses one as belonging to a statelier, less ephemeral, less feverish civilisation than our own. Here, at last, an artist has brought back to us from India a credible vision and no mere scenic marvel.

The drawings which Mr. Rothenstein made during his tour in India are on view at the Chenil Gallery in Chelsea. These show conclusively that Mr. Rothenstein must be considered one of our very few real draughtsmen. There is a total absence of cleverness and brilliance of touch which so often passes for the test of draughtsmanship; instead there is an almost labored sincerity and intensity of vision. But the line has the quality of creating form, of arousing the sense of volumes and mass, and by this means something is conveyed of the real independent life of the figures. One feels that the artist has had no idea of bringing back Oriental curiosities or *albums de voyage*, but that he has succeeded, even in so short a visit, in submitting himself to the reality of what was before him, and rendering the life of his figures, and not only their appearance.

ROGER FRY.

Letters from Abroad.

HERR VON BETHMANN HOLLWEG'S FIRST SUCCESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—What a good many people have thought rather unlikely has been achieved. On May 30th the new Imperial Insurance Code was accepted by an overwhelming majority of the Reichstag. Only 58 members of a total of 295 taking part in the final division voted against it. They were the Social Democrats and some of the Progressive Populists. The majority of the latter group and the National Liberals, together with the Conservative groups and the Catholics, in all 232 members, formed the Ayes; and 15 Poles voted white, *i.e.*, said neither "Aye" nor "No." The following day an equal majority also accepted the transitory Regulations for the enforcement of the Code, and the Reichstag was prorogued to October 10th. Five days before, a new constitution for the *Reichslande*, Alsace-Lorraine, had been accepted by 211 against 93 votes, the minority consisting this time of extreme Nationalists of both types—on the one hand the Prussians (*vis.*, the Conservatives), some Imperialists, and the Anti-Semites, on the other hand the Poles and the uncompromising section of the Alsations and Lorrainers. Two highly contentious measures of importance have in this way received the sanction of the Imperial Parliament, and a letter of the Kaiser to the Chancellor congratulates Herr von Bethmann Hollweg for his "statesmanlike art," and the "clear-sighted steadiness" which "in no small degree have contributed to this gratifying result."

It may indeed rejoice William II.'s heart to see two measures carried, one of which was fought tooth and nail by his petted retainers, the Prussian Squirearchy, whilst the other had the biggest party of the Empire, the Socialists and the great central Unions, as its decided opponents. The rules of the Reichstag make an obstructionist fight nearly impossible, and they would most probably have been altered for the worse if the Socialists had ventured to fight the Insurance Code by obstructive tactics. But there is little doubt that it was in the power of the Socialist group to protract the final vote for weeks, if not months, without proceeding to strict obstruction, and if they had chosen to vote finally against the Constitution for Alsace-Lorraine, its acceptance, as a glance at the figures of the final vote shows, would have been most doubtful. The Socialist group now numbers 52 members, and its opposition would have made it difficult for the moderate section of the Alsations to give, as they did, their Ayes to the measure. It is no exaggeration to say that the new Constitution was carried with the aid of the Social Democrats. Semi-official papers have, in thinly-veiled language, admitted it, and the Conservatives make it a subject of blame to the Government, and a justification of their opposition. That the Government has, in the question of the franchise, dropped its original demand of plural votes for some sections of the electorate, and has granted an equal and universal suffrage for men, subject only to a census of sojourn, is represented by them as a concession to the Social Democrats to win their votes, and a most prejudicial step in the democratisation of the Empire. In which, perhaps, they are not very wrong.

It was not an easy thing for the Social Democrats to cast their deciding vote for the Ministerial measure, and it has leaked out that the majority in the group in favor of this course was a small one, and only obtained after a lively debate. August Bebel, the veteran leader of the party, declared that never in his life had it been more difficult for him to vote in favor of a law, and some of the more intransigent members preferred to be absent, and thus forego their day's fee, rather than to take part in the final vote. For the Constitution provides for a Second Chamber, partly of nominees of the Kaiser, it makes the Kaiser the practical head, through a Governor or Lord-Lieutenant nominated by him, and the census of sojourn hits the wage-earning class, and with a few exceptions, them alone.

If, in spite of all this, a majority of the Socialist group was for voting the Constitution, and the minority, with a few exceptions, agreed in the end, it was from the consideration that, as the group say in a declaration read by Herr Ludwig Frank, on May 26th, in the Reichstag—

"Universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrage . . . will prove powerful enough to enforce the will of the people of Alsace-Lorraine against the First Chamber and the force wielded by the Kaiser."

and, they continue—

"We are convinced that it will be impossible to restrain the introduction of this franchise from reacting upon the federated states which are behind in this respect."

What the Prussian reactionaries fear is the hope of the Social Democrats, and the near future will show whether they are right or not. But one thing is clear: as far as argument goes, it will be very difficult to justify plural voting in Prussia, when the Imperial Government has felt bound to except the Alsations from its blessings.

How the Constitution will act upon the two provinces for which it was made is difficult to foretell. It is a semi-progressive measure, and may, as is often the case with such Acts, make things, from the point of view of its promoters, worse than before. It gives the provinces three votes in the Federal Council of the Empire, but, since it is practically the Kaiser who appoints his representatives, they will hardly be much appreciated by the population. In the case of a difference between the so-called First Chamber and the elected Chamber, agitation will not easily be kept down.

The composition of the First Chamber will be as follows: The Roman Catholic Bishops of Strasburg and Metz, and, in case of a vacancy, the oldest administrator of the Bishopric, one representative of the Evangelical Protestant, one of the Reformed Protestant, and one of the Jewish religious organisations, and one representative of the Hapsburg University, one of the High Tribunal of Colmar, four elected by the town councils of the four principal towns, four elected by the four Chambers of Commerce, four elected by the Council of the Agriculturists (two of which must be small land-holders), two elected by the Strasburg Chamber of Artizans (small masters), and a number of inhabitants of the two provinces whom the Kaiser nominates on the proposal of the Federal Council, and whose numbers must not exceed that of the elected members. The members of the Second Chamber are elected by the secret and direct vote of all male persons of over 25 years, whose residence in Alsace-Lorraine has not been less than three years, and who have lived at least one year in the place where they want to give their vote. The election day must be a Sunday.

The latter prescription follows the French example, and altogether it is the legislation of France and the South German States which was considered by the Imperial Government in drawing up the Constitution. They saw clearly that they could not well offer the provinces much less than the countries around them possessed, and they had to drop plural voting, which was proposed in the original Bill, in face of the strenuous resistance of the Socialists and the Alsations, supported in this by the Progressist and other groups.

Compared with the franchise of Prussia and other North German States, the franchise of Alsace-Lorraine is, of course, quite revolutionary, and it is the recognition of this fact which makes the majority of Social Democrats outside of Parliament approve the attitude of the Parliamentary group on this question. The majority of the Social Democratic papers treat the introduction of universal, equal, and direct vote in Alsace-Lorraine as a Socialist victory.

In regard to the Insurance Code, Socialists were unanimous in its rejection, and the best men of the Progressist party, such as Herron Gothein, Schrader, Pollhoff, and others, are on their side. All attempts to purify the Bill of at least some of its reactionary prescriptions and to increase the benefits have proved futile, in the face of the continued resistance of the Government on the one side, and the Conservatives, the Catholic Centre, and the National Liberals on the other.

The principal objects of the Code have already been explained here. They are the extension of the insurance, to be paid for by a reduction of the influence of the insured in the administration of the scheme. The rents and subsidies to be granted to the newly insured agricultural laborers, invalid widows and their children, are so ridiculously low (about 2½d. a day for the *invalid* widow, and not quite 1½d. for each child), that the epithet "niggardly" would almost be flattery if applied to them. In some cases the new regulations imply direct robbery. The only improvement worth noticing, which was accepted at the third reading, was the raising of the income for compulsory sick insurance from 2,000 to 2,500 marks, and this would hardly have been carried but for Mr. Lloyd George's Bill. The allied parties formed a *bloc*, which rejected ruthlessly any amendment put forward by the Social Democrats, and almost all of those proposed by the Progressists. They refrained from answering the Socialist criticisms in order to hurry through the debates; in short, it was as if the break-up of 1909 over the taxation had never occurred. Has Herr von Bethmann Hollweg's diplomatic skill brought about this change? Little has leaked out of Governmental action of this kind behind the scenes. On the whole, the policy of that experienced bureaucrat seems rather to consist in letting matters drift than in settling them. And, indeed, all that was written at the time in *THE NATION* on the futility of the outcry of the National Liberals against the Conservatives has been confirmed by events.

When the Reichstag meets again in October it will work out some arrears, and then the electoral fight will be taken. January, 1912, will see the General Election. It is pretty certain that by that time Herr von Bethmann Hollweg will be able to inform the Kaiser of something like an alliance, more Imperial than local, against Social Democrats and the more democratic Populists. But how far this will be reason for congratulation, only the evening after the day of the election will disclose.—Yours, &c.,

ED. BERNSTEIN.

Schöneberg, Berlin,
Whit Sunday, 1911.

Letters to the Editor.

THE INSURANCE BILL AND WAGES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—There are two considerations in connection with the National Insurance Bill to which "Economist" might have done well to call attention in your Symposium. In the first place, I think we should start from the thesis that the employers' contribution will inevitably tend to become illusory. In every open struggle between employers and employed, and in the working of the far more important "strains" that determine the balance of economic relations without any open breach, the employer has to consider what he will have to give in order to obtain certain services, and what those services will be worth to him. If he has to pay 3d. a week to the State for permission to employ the man, that 3d. will be added to the cost of obtaining the services, and will be indistinguishable commercially from an additional 3d. put on to the man's wages. The effect of this Bill, therefore, will be to put the employer in the same position that he would be in if by a successful strike, or otherwise, wages had been raised by 3d. a week all round, without any change in the economic position to justify it. This is probably too small a thing materially to affect the economic situation generally, like the shilling tax on wheat; but like it, it will tell here and there where relations are at the moment very nicely adjusted. And whenever, owing to other changes in any industry, a readjustment would naturally become due, this extra 3d. will tell in the direction of a reduction of wages or a refusal of advance, as the case may be. Meanwhile, it is true, the employed will have the benefit of the friction, and a toll will be laid on the employer

to set the new scheme on foot. Apparently, there is no general complaint among employers at the prospect of having to bear this toll; but, on the other hand, no one should expect that they will permanently bear it.

The scheme, then, is ultimately one to compel the employed to insure themselves, with a grant in aid from the Government, for they will actually pay the employer's contribution as well as their own. The question then arises as to the scale of insurance which it is reasonable to enforce. According to the Second Schedule of the Bill, persons in receipt of 9s. a week are to contribute 1d., the employer contributing 6d. It is just in these cases of low wages that the burden will be most rapidly thrown upon the employed, for to pay 9s. 6d. instead of 9s. is equivalent to a very handsome advance, and there is no reason to suppose that the employer can, or will, grant it without any economic equivalent. It seems to me, therefore, that there is extreme danger of practically forcing the earner of 9s. a week to pay 7d. a week for insurance. This would be a cruelly excessive provision to force upon the wage-earner. It is a generally admitted principle that a point comes at which it is positively imprudent to guard yourself against the risk of intermittent penury by plunging yourself into permanent want.

The second point is more controversial. The trade unions are honestly convinced of the desirability of maintaining as high a standard wage as possible in any individual trade, under the belief that to do so is a contribution towards the raising or maintaining of wages generally. But it is at least theoretically possible that in any given case it may really mean the maintenance of a privileged set of workmen, whose privileges are held, not against the employers, but against unprivileged classes of workmen and against the consumer or public at large. If there is a body of men capable of doing a certain kind of work, and willing to do it at less than the standard or current wage, because even that lower remuneration would be better than anything else they can get, and if, by public sentiment or otherwise, they are prevented from securing this improvement of their condition in order that another body of men may secure better conditions yet, it is surely difficult to avoid the conclusion that this second body of men are privileged at the expense of the first. As long as this position is maintained, or the risk of its arising incurred, by the play of individual forces and the honorable sentiment (enlightened or otherwise) of all concerned, things may be left to work themselves out. It may reasonably be urged that the system cannot be carried to any great excess without breaking down; that it is practically impossible permanently to limit the numbers of a given trade by exclusion of those to whom it offers economic attractions, and that within the trade a union cannot raise the wage too high without throwing an increasing proportion of its members out of work, and so feeling the strain. But all this will be changed *pro tanto* if the State takes sides; and this, I think, is what the Unemployment Section of the National Insurance Bill proposes to do. For by recognising the standard or current wage, and by making grants to all who are kept out of work because they cannot find employment at the standard wage, and decline to accept any lower remuneration, or to become "blacklegs," it seems to assume that anyone who is endeavoring to raise or to maintain the standard wage in any particular industry is, apart from the special merits of the case, entitled to the moral support of the Government and some degree of protection from the economic forces which his line of action has arrayed against him. This is to assume that his economic theory is so certainly correct in principle and wise in its special applications as to warrant the State in adopting an attitude of something more than "benevolent neutrality" towards him in his struggle, though it may really be a struggle against his less privileged fellow-workmen.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP H. WICKSTEED.

Childrey, Wantage,
June 3rd, 1911.

THE DOCTORS AND THE INSURANCE BILL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—However real the grievances which the doctors may have against the National Insurance Bill, their cause will not be advanced by the tactics of the British Medical Associa-

tion in the person of its President, who is at the same time President of the Royal College of Surgeons. Last Thursday morning, June 1st, this gentleman attended a large and representative meeting of members of the British Medical Association, specially convened to discuss with the Chancellor of the Exchequer the difficulties which have been agitating the profession with regard to the Bill. Mr. Lloyd George made a perfectly frank statement on all points, and, amongst other things, expressed in unequivocal terms his whole-hearted support of the doctors' proposal to take the administration of medical benefits completely out of the hands of the Friendly Societies, and place it with the Local Health Committees. He said (I quote from the "British Medical Journal" and from the "Times" of June 2nd):—

"I am entirely with you in this—entirely and wholeheartedly with you in this; and if you can persuade the House of Commons to consent to the transfer of the whole of the medical attendance, including maternity, to the Local Health Committees, you will find me a whole-hearted supporter of that proposal."

Surely no language could be plainer; and he concluded by urging his hearers to assist him in bringing about the desired conclusion by representation to their own Members of Parliament. Despite this highly satisfactory statement, Mr. Butlin, the President of the British Medical Association, addressing a mass meeting of doctors at Connaught Rooms on the evening of the same day, spoke as follows on the same question:—

"In his opinion"—I quote from the "Times" of June 2nd, where full reports of both meetings are to be found, strangely enough, side by side on page seven—"Mr. Lloyd George was still bent on placing the administration of medical relief, or a great part of it, in the hands of Friendly Societies."

The policy of the Association is thus evidently to fan the flames of agitation in order to rush up its membership. But such deliberate and foolish misrepresentation is discreditable to the profession, and can but alienate any popular sympathy the doctors might otherwise command.—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS CHORT.

34, Kildare Terrace, W.
June 4th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The linking-up of the local authorities and the medical profession in Mr. Lloyd George's Bill opens up wonderful possibilities for good, both to medical men and the State. All those who have at any time worked amongst the poor as doctors under present conditions must have felt how grievously our power for good, both to the individuals who come to us for help and to the State in which we are all included, is cramped and restricted.

Many times have I been consulted, when practising in Fulham, by sufferers from remediable causes, ill-ventilated workshops, long hours of overtime, insanitary houses, all conditions contrary to the factory and housing laws, and when I have begged the sufferers to allow me to report the conditions, they have implored me to do no such thing, as the report would be traced back to them, and they would inevitably lose their situations, or be turned out of their shops and "homes."

One pathetic example of the sufferings of the sick poor, bearing upon the invalidity clauses of the Bill, stands out in my memory. I was attending a man of fifty, worn out with aortic heart disease. He recovered sufficiently to be able to think of work again, but, owing to the long rest he had been obliged to take, he had lost his old situation. The day I looked in to pay my last visit and say "Good-bye" to him, I found his whole appearance changed. His hair, which when last I saw him was grey, was now the latest shade of "Titian red." I asked him what on earth he had been doing to himself, and his pathetic reply was, "It is no use for a man over forty to look for a new job."

The Bill opens up the prospect of the gradual eradication of the people's thirst for drugs as the cure for all ills.—Yours, &c.,

W. F. CLARKE, M.D.

Toronto, May 28th, 1911.

WOMEN AND THE INSURANCE BILL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Can it be reasonably denied that the wife and mother has as much claim on the family wage as the husband and father? And yet, because a woman's work for her husband, children, home, and country is not paid for in cash there has been a universal tendency to consider that a married woman is kept, and that a man's wages are his own to do as he likes with (although he "endows her with all his worldly goods"). A co-operative woman put the real truth well to a girl who was temporarily helping her: "Now, Mary, if you decide to marry, don't you think, or let your young man think, that he is giving you a home. You are an experienced servant, and could get £18 to £20, and have it to yourself, mind, as well as board and lodging. So that you've got a good, independent position, and you must remember that you would be giving this up, and that in your home you would be earning all you got."

Unpaid home-work is as arduous, useful, and honorable as any paid work in factory or office. And it has, of course, its economic value, as is clearly seen by the following remark: "I married her, because I could not afford to keep a housekeeper." When a woman is ill and obtains the necessary attention, although the man's wages are not less, what is equivalent to a loss of income occurs. The amount available for family needs is reduced by payment for a substitute, or when a wage-earning daughter remains at home to help. Therefore, in addition to maternity benefit, the home-working woman is entitled to sick-pay as compensation for loss of money, just as her wage-earning sister is.

But if there is no monetary loss when the woman is ill, what does it mean? It means that the woman's health is sacrificed, because she cannot afford to pay for help. This sacrifice is terribly common among women, and, consequently, the inclusion of non-wage-earning wives in the Insurance Bill is almost more necessary than that of any other class of persons.

The strong feeling of the injustice of excluding 6,000,000 women from sick, medical, disablement, and sanatorium benefits is combined in those who are not removed from the life of the people, with a feeling of distress at the denial of such sorely-needed help. The following are instances, which could be multiplied indefinitely, of the suffering and struggle going on everywhere:—

1. "A woman I knew took a chill, and was laid up with rheumatic fever for five months. I found her in a dreadful state. The husband and a girl of 11 had been nursing her and looking after the children and baby. She had not been washed or her clothes changed or her bed made for five weeks. When I spoke to the husband he said he had done his best; he could not afford to pay anyone to come in and look after his wife. His wages were 30s., rent 6s., clubs 2s. 4d.; eight persons to be fed, clothed, and firing and light, nourishment for wife, and doctor to be paid out of the rest. I got some help from the clergyman and some friends. She never recovered her usual strength, and was always ailing, and about 15 months after she died, leaving six girls."

2. "A mother of a family of six was in the first stage of consumption. The doctor said nothing would save her life but a stay in a sanatorium. The husband was a fireman, earning 27s., rent 8s. He did his best, with the help of the neighbors, but when it came to her having to go into hospital, there was no means even to pay for a cab to take her, and no one to stay in the home to take care of the children. And yet the doctor said her life would be lost if she did not go. The Co-operative Guild came to the rescue. We got up a social, and made enough money to pay a woman to look after the home for eight weeks, and two of our members brought an invalid chair and wheeled her up to Mount Vernon Hospital."

3. "Not far from me a poor woman had erysipelas. She was advised to stay in bed. She said she couldn't; what could they do with her in bed? In less than a fortnight she was dead."

4. "A woman was knocked down by a cab, and dislocated her arm. The bone was not set properly, and this meant months of suffering. She could not raise her arm upwards. The husband, a cab-driver, helped her before he went out, and when he returned, but had to go to relations and friends for money to cover the doctor's fee and get a little nourishment, as he was doing very badly at the time. Some time afterwards she was laid up with an internal complaint, and the same kind of trouble had to be gone over again."

The exclusion from sanatorium benefit must, one feels, be an oversight, for it makes the talk of abolishing consumption ridiculous when the non-wage-earning wife, who bears the child and is at home all day with children, is left without help.

The conditions and needs of married women have received up till now little public thought or care. The law has sanctioned the view of married union expressed in the remark, "My wife and I are one—and I am that one," and women have accepted their position as their fate. It is as if a great curtain hung over the married life of women, on which were embroidered fine sentiments about the beauty of motherhood and the sacredness of family life. Women are at last drawing back the curtain, but until they can step forth with the weapons of citizenship in their hands, their demands will receive scant attention. Could six million women have been shut out on totally inadequate grounds had there been any political necessity to conciliate them? And cannot suffrage women see how useless, as an effective force, a women householders' electorate would be? Will they not, while there is a chance of securing the enfranchisement of all women in the Government's own electoral Bill, agitate for what would be of real use politically, rather than ask for what would be of much less practical value, and might even prove an obstacle to the priceless boon of womanhood suffrage.

The only reason given by Mr. Lloyd George for the exclusion of the six million women is that it would be "impossible to devise any scheme to control claims for sick pay." But there are many non-wage-earning women in Friendly Societies, Dividing and Slate Clubs, and the experience of three women secretaries of such clubs shows that doctors' certificates of women visitors, "who use their eyes as well as their ears," are sufficient check upon malingerers. Nor is it correct to say that women are "always running to the doctor." The usual difficulty, as husbands confess, is to get their wives to go to the doctor. This is borne out by what I heard a woman-doctor, with considerable experience, say, that women come for advice too late rather than too often. A Yorkshire woman writes:—"My experience is that when a doctor is called in, it is after all other remedies have failed; and then the doctor will often say, 'If you had called me in earlier, it would have saved you much suffering.'" No doubt there would be a few worrying *malades imaginaires*, but these ought not to stand in the way of help and health being brought to the great majority. It will surely be possible so to adapt the structure of this "National" Bill as to make it bear the weight of the nation. The least we can ask is that the six million women should not be arbitrarily deprived of the State's twopence, (or if the scale is re-adjusted, as suggested by the Labor Party, of its threepence). This would mean that about 2½ million pounds would be available for benefits, the first of which should be sanatorium and sick benefits. It should also be open to women who are married and non-wage-earning to join on the voluntary basis, but this would only affect a few.—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET LLEWELYN DAVIES.

11, Hampstead Square, N.W.

June 5th, 1911.

THE POLICY OF SCOTTISH LIBERALS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I fully recognise the position of Mr. Falconer, and I agree that he is a supporter of a scheme for local self-government for Scotland. I also agree in thinking that it is the height of folly to attempt to divide the Scottish Liberal Party, but I part company from Mr. Falconer when he says that he does not consider it right to make his support of the Government depend on an undertaking to pass a measure of Home Rule for Scotland during the present Parliament. I do not, of course, know the local circumstances of Mr. Falconer's election, but I do know that many candidates in Scotland at the last General Election were pledged to Scottish Home Rule, and advocated the same in their addresses. I do not quarrel with Mr. Falconer's attitude which he can conscientiously defend, but I do say that the opinion of the rank and file in Scotland is a little weary of the view which suggests that Scottish members should support the Government through thick and thin to the detriment of Scottish business. Even Mr. Falconer himself says: "I have repeatedly spoken strongly against the present state of affairs, in which for the last twenty years Scottish members have attended Westminster to pass measures for all the other departments, while the necessary time could

not be got for Scottish business, however important and urgent."

This is the bed-rock position. A great body of opinion in Scotland holds that if Scottish members have done this for twenty years it is time they kicked against the pricks. I should certainly not be prepared to go to Westminster as a Scottish member to continue this lamb-like process of passing measures for all other departments. One might as well stop outside. What we want in Scotland are a few men who would resent, even to the point of the withdrawal of their consistent support of the party, twenty years of national neglect. It is with a view to securing this that the Young Scots' Society in Scotland intends, as far as it is able, to organise the return of Liberal members pledged to this policy. This does not mean that they would neglect to secure either the Landholders' or the Temperance Bill; but assuming that those were obtained, one knows perfectly well that the moment this came about, Scotland would be told that she had had her share of legislation, and the old policy of passive acquiescence in the systematic neglect of Scottish affairs would be resumed.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. HOGGE.

Braeside, Acorn Road, York.

May 30th, 1911.

WHY PEOPLE DO NOT GO TO CHURCH.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I think that many people fail to take a true view of this question, because they shrink from a candid grappling with the essential facts. They discuss the methods by which religion is presented to the people when the real difficulty lies in the religion itself. It is now generally acknowledged by serious students of the Bible that the ancient claim made for it by the Churches—that it speaks with the voice of God—cannot be sustained. The book is too full of contradictory teaching, and, in many parts, falls too far below our highest moral ideals to enable it to control the thought of the present age. Thinking men will no longer take their religion from any authority save their own reason, and the platitudes of the pulpit have become to them sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. The truth is that the old religion, adapted to ages of gross ignorance and immature thought, has broken down; it is no longer recognised as either true or effective, and the time has come for a re-construction on new lines. Educated men do not go to church because they have advanced beyond the teaching of the sacred books, both in philosophy and ethics.—Yours, &c.,

C. CALLAWAY,
Ex-Congregational Minister.

Cheltenham.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is one aspect of this question which does not appear to have been considered, but is, in my judgment, of supreme importance, namely, the priestly claims made by clericals of all kinds, excessively so by Roman Catholics and Anglicans, but in a lesser degree by Free Church ministers, though the last-named do so by inference rather than actual expression.

Let me give you an instance of what is taking place. In a southern village is a Nonconformist place of worship, allied with a church in a neighboring town, but deriving no financial or other help therefrom. The trust deed, however, gives certain rights to its officers. About fifteen years ago the village church invited an earnest lay Christian worker to become its pastor, and for nearly a dozen years supported him. He made it a true spiritual home, influencing for good the lives of many around. The Country Association, however, refused to recognise or accept him as a minister, because he had not been to college or passed an examination, though in his work he could show a better record than seven-tenths of those who formed the Ministerial trade union. A young stripling who became pastor of the town church treated him as if he were an underling, always spoke of him as *Mr. —*, but was most particular as to his own designation of "Rev."

What is the reason for the marvellous success of the Brotherhood movement? Every Sunday more than half-a-

million men disprove the statement that they are antagonistic or indifferent to religion. The answer is; in these gatherings all are equal. A parson who cannot win affection and support as a man, has no place therein. It is the manhood that counts, not the designation or the clothes. He is judged by his life and work. Reverence and loyalty, which working-men will boundlessly give to a true leader, they deny to anyone only by reason of his position, be he priest, minister, or layman. He must be a fellow-worker, a man, and a brother. This movement is to-day influencing the men of Great Britain more than all the churches. There are no social cleavages, no social animosities, no truckling to wealth, no traditional authority, and no feminine adulation.

Until our Free Church ministers get back to the beginnings, and learn that the manhood of the nation refuses to support priestism in any form, against which their forefathers fought, and for which they died; until they realise that the head of every family is its spiritual leader, until they see that they are simply teachers and leaders, not rulers, appointed to band all together for mutual service; and that wealth and position are nothing as compared with manly service of God, they will lose to a greater extent than ever their already waning hold on the manhood of the land.—Yours, &c.,

BAPTIST LAYMAN.

May 30th, 1911.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—For weeks past, on opening my *NATION* in the quiet of the Sunday forenoon, I have been faced with a perverse inquiry as to why people do not go to church.

Surely, sir, you might as well ask why people have ceased to talk politics, or why the Press is silent on the subject of the coming Coronation? In this little community of four thousand souls we have seven substantial places of worship—three of them Church of England; and in all my acquaintance here I know but one man who stays away—even as I do. When your question reaches me, I seem to hear a raised voice laying an unpleasant emphasis on "people," and am goaded to reply, "Meaning me, sir?" or you must be very wicked people in London, and very bold.

I have not the courage to sign my name, and implore you not to publish my address.—Yours, &c.,

HEPTALOGIA.

TETTENHALL COLLEGE, STAFFORDSHIRE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—We regret to find that reports are still in circulation regarding the future of this school. As these are causing damage to our prestige, we should esteem it a very great favor if you would kindly allow us a few lines to state that there is no question whatever as to the continuance of the school on the same lines, with regard to tone and efficiency, as have hitherto been followed.—Yours, &c.,

REGINALD W. FOX, Secretary.

May 31st, 1911.

THE CORONATION AND MILITARISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I hope that I am a patriot—and I think I am—but I have a vision of a Royal Procession somewhat differing from that which is forthcoming.

It consists not chiefly of life-takers, but of life-savers. The foremost of these, from all ranks, are there—in science, in medicine, in art, in politics, and in social and moral reform. The Pageant would lack brilliancy of color (although this might easily be remedied), but in the eyes of many (an increasing number) it would greatly gain in real glory. In these days of happily advancing peace, a Pageant which consists very much of a monotony of red coats seems to me somewhat out of date. In all these matters we are still heathens; but visions more startling than this have been fulfilled in times of old, and I have no doubt will be so again.—Yours, &c.,

J. J.

June 5th.

Poetry.

THE UNNAMEABLE.

I AM alone in a universe long and wide
That reaches out all around me its interminable radii.
Fate shot me out into Time's boundless ocean;
Concentric circles heaved from me, endlessly widening.
The present circle is far past my mind's projection—
It is immeasurable in diameter and circumference.
I, I am the centre! That alone I know,—a lonely centre,
solitary to the full.
In the strange sea I sink, and emerge, fall and rise,
looking around me;
With eyes wonderstruck I look around, look to the
yonder all around me—
The dim horizon's lineless limit, the prismatic haze,
The place beyond the thick rim where wakes the "Dawn
of Nothing";
Beyond, beyond, where nameless circles die, giving birth
to numberless others,
And the recession of the skies calls a halt in the mind's
marching!

O great Galileo, what a book thou didst open to us!
O students of the stars, what a strange being you have
made of God!

I am in the midst of a great mystery, and the ways between
the stars are wide, leading nowhere and
beginning everywhere.

Friend, hold my hand, let me know once more the warm
facts of life, the explored and the familiar;
Recall me from these strange temples of the unknown
gods and the sense of the dread immensity;
Shut out the vast universe, and let me feel the sweet
homeliness of the earth!

The wind is sighing up and down, loud and soft, all
about me.

The sea is moving with a moan, ebbing and flowing,
towards me and from me.

The speechless mystery shows her face in the crest of the
masterful wave,

And sends her voice through the wind, uttering no word;
She is always here and there, in me and surrounding,
dwelling forever in the mind's calm retirement,

Down in the centre and the heart of me.

I strove with her, but she will not tell her name nor who
and what she is,

She only says that Buddha and Omar are her friends,
Confucius and the great ones;

So I have named her "Mystery," and it pleases.

She encloses me in her multi-colored mists and fills me
with a great man's pride.

I sought to know her through and through, determined
to have her secret,

But she sated my curiosity with pleasing humor and gave
me the toys of men and movements to play with,

Making a show and carnival of the ill-fitting and
grotesque.

And now, I say to her, "Mystery, sweet Mystery, if you
will stay by me,

And smile through the sun's satellites, and speak from
the deep soul of music,

And sit pensive now and then in the heart's vast
solitudes,

And show your unnameable presence in all the so-called
common things,

And at the last come dancing o'er the marshalled shades
of Death,

Then will I rest in a sweet tranquillity and go peacefully
into the infinite sleep,

Lapt by the soft south breezes and rocked in my ancient
element, the sea."

H. FOSTER TOOGOOD.

[We think our readers will be interested to hear
that the writer of this poem is a young shoemaker of
Bristol.—ED., *NATION*.]

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Legislature and Judiciary." By the Right Hon. Lord Shaw of Dunfermline. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2s. net.)
 "The Biology of the Seasons." By Professor J. A. Thomson. (Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Post Impressionists." By C. Lewis Hind. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Uruguay." By W. H. Koebel. (Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Training of the Memory in Art, and the Education of the Artist." By L. de Boisaudran. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)
 "The Apostle: A Drama in Three Acts." By George Moore. (Maunsell, 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The Truth About Egypt." By J. Alexander. (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Eight Centuries of Portuguese Monarchy: A Political Study." By V. de Bragança Cunha. (Swift. 15s. net.)
 "Problems of Life." By C. A. Houghton. (Macmillan, 3s. net.)
 "Histoire de la Commune de 1871." Tome I. "Le Dix-Huit Mars." Par Edmond Lepelletier. (Paris: Mercure de France. 7 fr. 50.)
 "Le Modernisme Bouddhiste et le Bouddhisme du Bouddha." Par A. David. (Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.)
 "L'Idéal Romanesque en France de 1610 à 1816." Par Victor Cherbuliez. (Paris: Hachette, 3 fr. 50.)
 "L'Art." Par Auguste Rodin. (Paris: Graesset. 6 fr.)
 "Le Douceur de la Vie." Roman. Par Marcelle Tinayre. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)

ONE of the chief biographies of the coming autumn season will be Mr. E. T. Cook's "Life of Ruskin," which will be published in two volumes by Messrs. Allen. Mr. Cook has already done good service to Ruskin's memory by editing the fine library edition of the "Works," along with Mr. Alexander Wedderburn. The best of the biographical studies of Ruskin already in existence are those of Mr. J. A. Hobson, Mr. Collingwood, Mr. Frederic Harrison, and Mrs. Meynell.

A SUPPLEMENT to Wagner's Autobiography, which we reviewed last week, is to be issued shortly by Messrs. Macmillan, in the shape of an English translation of "The Family Letters of Richard Wagner." The translation has been done by Mr. Ashton Ellis, most learned and enthusiastic of Wagnerians. There also comes from Germany the report that a new Wagner manuscript has been discovered. It is said to be a chorus with orchestral accompaniment, written in 1843 for the unveiling of a monument to Frederick August, the Just.

LAST week, the announcement of a biography by Miss Annette Meakin led us to say something of Hannah More. By an odd coincidence, the present week sees the issue of a reprint, by Mr. Arrowsmith, of Hannah More's five-act tragedy "Percy," which was produced by Garrick and acted to crowded houses at Covent Garden in 1787. To a modern reader the play seems poor stuff; but "Holy Hannah," as Horace Walpole calls her, was able to boast to her sister that its reception exceeded her most sanguine wishes. "One tear," she adds, "is worth a thousand hands, and I had the satisfaction to see even men shed them in abundance." One of the weepers was Charles James Fox, who saw the play in the company of Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds. "Percy" was revived in 1787, when Mrs. Siddons took the part of Elwina, a part in which Miss Betterton also acted on her first appearance at Covent Garden.

GARRICK was very pleased with "Percy," and wrote a prologue for his "dearest of Hannahs." In 1801, Hannah More made some changes in the play for a new edition. She had come to the conclusion that, though theatre-going was sinful, it was right and proper to admire and encourage the drama. She decided that three lines from Garrick's prologue were improper, and omitted them. They are:—

"Nay, and with dignity, some wear the breeches;
 And why not wear 'em? . . . We shall have votes,
 While some of t'other sex wear petticoats."

The last line probably refers to the Chevalier d'Eon, whose

escapades at the time were a common topic of conversation. The middle line bears all the marks of prophetic inspiration.

SOME personal recollections of Stevenson will be found in Mr. Francis Watt's "Edinburgh and the Lothians," a book announced by Messrs. Methuen. Mr. Watt has a thorough knowledge of Edinburgh and its history, and the interest of his book will be further enhanced by a full treatment of the literary associations of the Scottish capital.

A PARTICULARLY promising volume of reminiscences is to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson in the early autumn. It is called "Sixty Years in the Far East," and recounts the adventures of a father and son, the former of whom was one of the old-fashioned merchant captains who sailed their own ships among the islands of the Far East in the old pirate days. His son, Mr. John Dill Ross, who is the writer of the volume, has also had an adventurous career. He was with the French Army of Occupation in Tonkin, opened up a trade-route between Singapore, Celebes, Dutch New Guinea, and Indo-China, saw a good deal of Siam, Java, and China, and landed a cargo of provisions for the Spanish troops during the Philippine war. The book thus promises plenty of incident and variety.

UNDER the title of "The Glory that was Greece," Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson will publish next month an illustrated survey of Hellenic culture and civilisation, by Mr. J. C. Stobart. The book, which will be followed by a companion volume, "The Grandeur that was Rome," aims at providing readers who do not know Greek with a picture of the social customs, religion, art, and literature of Greece. A special feature will be made of the illustrations. In addition to photographs of the famous sculptures at the British Museum, the book will give a facsimile in colors of part of the relief from the Sarcophagus of Alexander, now at Constantinople, and special permission has been given by the Ashmolean Museum to reproduce some of the finest Cretan discoveries.

THE same publishers announce an anthology for walkers, called "The Footpath Way," with an introductory essay on walking by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who gives special attention to inns. The contents include essays by R. L. Stevenson, Leslie Stephen, Thoreau, Hazlitt, and John Burroughs, as well as extracts from Izaak Walton, Scott, De Quincey, Borrow, and others.

A BIOGRAPHY of Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society from 1778 to 1820, has been written by Mr. Edward Smith, and will be published almost immediately by Mr. Lane. Mr. Smith, who has already given us a good biography of William Cobbett, deals at length with Banks's journey round the world with Captain Cook in the "Endeavor," and the assistance he gave to Bligh, Vancouver, Flinders, and other explorers, as well as with his valuable work in natural history, and particularly in botany.

AN English translation by Mr. Bertram Keightley of Dr. Rudolf Steiner's "Mystics of the Renaissance" will be issued shortly by the Theosophical Press. The volume contains essays on Eckhart, Tauler, Nicholas of Cusa, Paracelsus, Jacob Boehme, Giordano Bruno, and others who wrote in the period when attention was fastened upon Greek speculation, and particularly upon the School of Alexandria.

M. EDMOND ROSTAND is engaged upon a translation of Goethe's works into French. The first volumes to appear will be "Goetz von Berlichingen" and "Tasso."

THE movement for simplified spelling is making headway, and a scheme has been drawn up by Mr. William Archer and Professor Walter Rippmann, which will shortly be published and distributed among teachers. The new scheme requires no sign that is not used in the present spelling, and not a single diacritic. It has been calculated that, if the scheme were adopted, a year or a year-and-a-half would be saved by the average child in learning to spell.

Reviews.

THE RELIGION OF CAMBRIDGE.

"The University of Cambridge." Vol. III. "From the Election of Buckingham to the Chancellorship in 1628 to the Decline of the Platonist Movement." By JAMES BASS MULLINGER, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 20s. net.)

It is no small praise to say that this long-expected third volume of Mr. Mullinger's standard work in no way falls short of its predecessors. It is a history rather for historians than for the general reader. But for them it is indispensable, and it would be difficult to find any writer who has been so successful in making the substance of an exceptionally wide reading accessible. Only those who have themselves consulted the sources can appreciate his accuracy and pains. At the accession of Charles I., with which the work opens, the Arminian reaction was in full swing. Both on the theological points on which the controversy turned, and on the general temper of the disputants, the mind of to-day is with the Arminians. Calvinism lay like a nightmare on many generations of Englishmen; its representatives were as hard as they were narrow; they would have persecuted, had it been in their power to do so, as bitterly as Charles or Laud. "It is Satan's policy," said a New England divine, "to plead for an indefinite and boundless toleration." Yet the more reasonable of the two theologies is found in alliance with the decadent elements in the nation, the less reasonable with the progressive. The key to this apparent paradox is that the conflict was political rather than theological. A parallel case is that of the Christological controversies of the fourth and fifth centuries, in which national and race rivalries disguised themselves under Arian or Athanasian watchwords; it was below the surface that the key to the various phases of the struggle was to be found.

The identification of Arminianism with the Papacy, though plausible, is inaccurate. That there was a small party of Romanizers and crypto-Papists, and that this party attached itself to the Arminians, is true. But the link was political, not religious. The Calvinists were for a rigorous, the Arminians, or Court party, for a remiss execution of the laws against recusants; the English Catholics looked to the King of France for protection, and the Stuarts made the French Alliance the great aim of their foreign policy. But the Arminians themselves were as sound Protestants as their opponents, though their Protestantism was of a less militant and a less democratic type. This was why the Court was on their side. Hooker describes the Calvinistic Church polity as fitter for a republic than for a monarchy; and James I. put it more tersely—"No bishop, no king." The Arminian theology, reasonable as it was, was hampered by its alliance with absolutism; the Calvinist attracted the stronger factors of the national life and mind. This, however, must not hinder us from doing justice both to the merits of the one and to the defects of the other. That men should be persecuted for conscience' sake is regrettable: but our sympathy for the sufferers is lessened when we perceive that "wherever they settled, dissensions almost invariably broke out; and it was certainly not without good reason that Bishop Hall, in his notable letter of remonstrance, addressed to John Smith and Robinson, gave expression to the wish that their followers 'loved truth but half as much as they did strife.'" Fanaticism and sedition went hand in hand with Calvinism; Arminianism was peaceable, scholarly, and exercised in good work. Intellectually it was, perhaps, sleepy.

"As Gardiner has clearly pointed out, neither Charles nor Laud had any taste for dogmatic controversy, and while the former relied on the bishops for guidance in religious questions, the latter regarded all theological disputes with contempt, as calculated to distract the clergy from their real work."

This was the point of view embodied in the Royal Declaration prefixed (1628) to the Thirty-nine Articles, of which Mr. Gardiner asks, "How many of those who read it in the present Book of Common Prayer are aware of its historical importance?" Laud was a friend of learning; but only up to a certain point. His views on Education were substantially those of the Jesuit order. He wished

"to widen the field of knowledge in the universities, to render their treatment of the ancient *Trivium* and *Quadrivium* more

intelligent and thorough, and more especially to give to philology an importance and a prominence far greater than it had as yet attained to in any university of Christendom. But here, like the Jesuit, he halted. He would sanction no effort to apply this extended knowledge and the deeper instinct thus acquired to the discussion of dogma, or to the existing creed and organisation of the English Church."

Pattison's criticism of this *simulacrum* of learning will be remembered; and, strong as it is, it is not too strong. It will not surprise us to find the Primate encouraging the study of the Schoolmen, and making text-books of Peter Lombard and Aquinas. Here the Humanists—from Milton to Hobbes—were in revolt: the former denouncing the "scragged and thorny lecturers of monkish and miserable sophistry"; the latter inveighing against "the ecclesiastiques," as "taking from young men the use of reason by certain charms compounded of metaphysics, miracles, tradition, and absurd scriptures, whereby they are good for nothing else but to execute what they command them."

Many forgotten worthies pass before us in these pages: Williams, of whom it has been well said that had he filled Laud's place, there had been no Rebellion and no Commonwealth; More, "intolerant only of intolerance," whose question to his pupils was, "*Quid dubitas?*" What doubts have you met in your studies to-day? for he supposed that to doubt nothing and to understand nothing was verifiable alike; Montagu, whose "*Appello Cæsarem*" was a plea for toleration, and for a distinction between the "problematic opinions of private doctors," and the "generall doctrine established"; and Holdsworth, whose famous Oration at the Cambridge Commencement (1641) vindicated against the Puritans the essential Protestantism of the English Church. Nor is it without bearing on modern controversies to be reminded

"that, amid the apparently ceaseless and barren controversies evoked by theological divisions during the Commonwealth, a great scholar—perhaps the ablest whom Cambridge ever lent to Oxford—was then to be heard pleading against all coercive discipline in secondary education, and demanding that every student in a university should be at liberty to choose such instruction as seemed best adapted to 'his individual genius and design.'"

The reader will turn with special interest to the account of the little group of Cambridge Platonists. Such sayings as those of Sherman and Whichcote might have come straight from Penn's "*Fruits of Solitude*."

"I know not how it cometh to pass, but too many Christians have too much of heathen talk; and so also, in a reciprocation, some heathen have very much of that which seemeth correspondent unto sacred Scripture."

"The Teacher of the Gentiles instructeth us Christians not to disembrace goodnesse in any, nor truth in any. Plato's rule is good—*Oὐ τίς ἀλλὰ τί*. Let us not so much consider who saith, as what is said; who doeth as what is done. Let not the authority of the teacher tempt thee to erre; as Vincentius Lirinensis saith—the errors of the Fathers were temptations to the Church."

"There is but *One Church* (one Religion) in all ages. It is *thought*, the world does not grow old; it is *certain* the Church doth not."

"If this be not admitted—that differences of opinion, in some matters about Religion, should not make difference in Affection—we shall *all* be the worse for our Religion."

"Nothing spoils human nature more than false Zeal. The good nature of an Heathen is more God-like than the furious Zeal of a Christian."

"We must not put Truth into the place of a Means, but into the place of an End."

These men held what is called to-day the principle of Immanence; the guidance of reason, they believed, was the ultimate appeal in matters of conscience, that faculty being "the candle of the Lord." They were too far in advance of their age to exercise a predominant or permanent influence; the torch was passed on from them to others; we reap what they sowed. But, in the distinctive temper of their University, their spirit survived.

"In these ancient halls, and by the silent river—athwart which, six centuries before, the Saxon dwellers around St. Bene't's Church had gazed on the rising walls of the Norman's stronghold—throughout the long conflict between Latin ecclesiasticism and English patriotism, no utterances at once so cogent and so persuasive had been heard. And as a band of 'harpers harping with their harps,' although their strains grow fainter with the receding ages, they still recall the celestial song over the manger at Bethlehem, 'Peace on earth and goodwill to men.'"

THE CELTIC INFLUENCE IN ART.

"Irish Ecclesiastical Architecture." By ARTHUR CHAMPNEYS
(Bell. 31s. 6d. net.)

LIKE all purely emotional, as contrasted with intellectual influences, the Celtic influence, among the most difficult to measure and determine, seems to have been directed rather to quicken, to stimulate, and to arouse the latent faculties of the human race, than to promulgate exact doctrines, or any definite or durable forms of art and literature. Like the Eastern, as compared with the Western, influence, or the feminine, as compared with the masculine, it appears, looked at from the material standpoint, intangible and ineffective. We associate the Celtic race with no worldly success, nor does it present itself to our imagination as ever at rest, ever satisfied, in this material universe. Rarely does it triumph, and never for long, over the more obdurate and reasonable nations, who find themselves more at home among the things of this world, and use their material surroundings with more understanding and better success. What Arnold said of Byron, that he shattered himself against the impregnable rock of British Philistinism, sums up the history of the Celtic people.

In nothing is this strange social influence, so elusive yet so indomitable, so inspiring yet so pathetically ineffective, more difficult to appraise than in the domain of art. Fergusson's assertion that "the true glory of the Celt in Europe is his artistic eminence," and that "it is perhaps not too much to assert that without his intervention we should not have possessed in modern times a church worthy of admiration, or a picture, or a statue we could look at without shame," will appear to many a one-sided and exaggerated statement. We must lay stress, however, on the qualifying words, *without his intervention*. The utilitarian sense and practical instinct of the Aryan race, left to themselves, have always evinced a tendency to rest content with the merely convenient and useful, and, though it is difficult to gauge the exact truth of the statement, Fergusson is probably right when he assumes that an essential element in the artistic products of Aryan Europe was the emotional stimulus and inspiration supplied by the earlier Celtic population, with which the later invaders mingled their blood. The necessary fusion and combination of spirit and matter, the sense of the importance and significance of visible objects, together with consciousness that these were relative to more spiritual conceptions, was thus brought about, and these are the basis and primary condition of authentic creation. What we have to insist on is the necessity of this fusion. The heaven is inseparable, but so is the mass to be leavened. The practical and intellectual realisation of the meaning of natural laws and natural appearances is essential to artistic creation, because natural laws and appearances constitute art's only vehicle of expression, while the inward consciousness that these are not all, that nature gives us mere broken admonitions of something more spiritually perfect beyond, is essential to the evolution of æsthetic harmony and beauty. Thus, if it is true that the Celtic inspiration is a necessary ingredient in European art, so also it is perhaps true that the Aryan intellectualism is a necessary ingredient likewise. The Celtic contribution was indispensable, but not of itself adequate to artistic creation.

This is the conclusion, we think, the reader will come to after a study of Mr. Champneys's excellent and exhaustive work on Irish architecture. Mr. Champneys's book, we may explain, to start with, has grown from small beginnings, being an enlargement of certain articles on the subject contributed some years ago to the "Architectural Review." We seem to have remarked that books which have thus grown and developed out of a central or germ-idea, are usually of sound substance and good value, for this is, in fact, a reflection of the natural working of the mind, which, starting with some particular theory or line of study, enlarges it by degrees of constant thought and research, until need is felt for an ampler treatment and explanation of the original idea. However that may be, it is certain that we have here a work as painstaking and carefully well-informed as it is free from all facile solutions and superficial explanations. The author devotes several chapters to the primitive architecture of the island, its cromlechs, burial vaults, and stone forts, the earliest monasteries and hermitages, the

first Irish churches, the characteristic round towers of the country, its grave-slabs, cross-slabs, and crosses, and its adaptation of Continental decoration and ornament. These, of course, are all in themselves extensive subjects, and we must not complain if Mr. Champneys's treatment of them is not exhaustive. What he might, we think, have insisted on with advantage is the fact of the existence, many centuries before the Christian era, of certain widely different structural forms and motives, common more or less in Europe, and of which the rough instances found in Ireland may be looked upon as provincial specimens. So, too, in dealing with early decorative design, we would plead for a rather bolder and more comprehensive treatment of the subject. "Though it is not impossible," we are told, that this kind of decoration "should have been worked out from germs already present in the country," yet on the other hand "it seems pretty certain that the idea received at least further reinforcement from the outside." In regard to such derivation we are reminded, somewhat tentatively, that similar designs "are found elaborately worked out in Armenian churches, and in Coptic and Ethiopic and Arabic MSS. But though such a derivation of Irish interlacement might be by no means impossible (witness the 'Seven Egyptian Monks of Desert Ulidh,' and other indications before referred to)—I do not know of any Eastern MS. dated early enough to make this probable—the copying may have been in the reverse direction, or, more probably, both may have been developed from the same germ." We would ask the travelled reader, in considering this seemingly obscure point, to turn to the illustration of the "Book of Kells," facing page 64. He will there find, mixed with perfectly clear indications of Byzantine influence, various borders of complicated and inextricably tangled linear patterns, which he will recognise at a glance as a common feature of every Arab mosque from Mecca to Cordova, and as forming the especial Arab contribution to the decorative designs of the rest of Europe. To say that Eastern Europe and Western Asia could have derived the idea of such designs from Ireland, or even to suggest that Ireland could have elaborated on her own account patterns so identical in character with those there dominant, seems to us to allow altogether insufficient influence to, and to ignore the power of, that tide of Continental and Oriental influence which was setting from the South and East.

The reality and active exercise of the Arab influence on Irish art seem to us incontrovertible. Through what channels such an influence may have percolated we need not here conjecture; locomotion was much easier throughout the world in the pre-national era than it has ever been since. But probably no one who has a living acquaintance both with Arabs and Irish, will wonder at the latter assimilating the designs of the former. The resemblance in all points of character between the two races is, indeed, of the most startling description. The Arab has all the emotionalism of the Celt, all his impulsiveness, all his keen and subtle sentiment, all his trust in mere feeling and instinct, and all his hatred and impatience of material considerations, and the dictates of common sense. As with the Celt, so with the Arab, wherever his influence was felt it was a quickening, electric influence. Inevitably there has ensued a certain resemblance in the artistic utterances of races so similar, whether that resemblance arose from the acceptance of the forms belonging to one by the other, or was the result of common tendencies of temperament. That much of Irish decorative design was actually taken from the Near East seems certain; but let the reader turn to some other examples. Let him examine the tracery of the Seapoint Abbey window, or the "decorated" windows of Fethard Abbey (plate 86), or the trefoil arches in the nave of Gowran (plate 81), or the shape and character of the arch of the Clare-Galway tomb (plate 83), or perhaps most striking of all, the heads of the little Callan arches (plate 88), and in all these and many more instances, he will find evidence of that fancifulness and restless love of impulse which is the keynote of Arab art, and the origin of its multitude of fantastic creations.

One more point. The basis of all great structural effects is perfect masonry, but the reader will find, we believe, not one single instance of good masonry out of all the scores of structural examples given in the pages of the present work. Invariably the stones are ill-cut and ill-fitted, and the joints irregular and wide, and the whole appearance of

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the walls rather than that of loose-knit rubble than of evenly adjusted stone-work. The present writer is forcibly reminded, as he turns these pages, of the crumbling *débris* of Arab mosques in Cairo and Kairwan, where only does he remember to have seen masonry of such consistently poor quality.

Such a trait, it must be remarked, is peculiarly characteristic of the Celtic temperament. It is true, no doubt, as Fergusson observes, that in Celtic art "we escape the instinctive fixity which makes the art of the pure Turanian as unprogressive as the works of birds, or of beavers"; but for the restlessness which escapes formalism we have to pay a price, and the art which lives on impulse is a prey to constant instability. That love of the concrete, and steadfast reliance on material things which express themselves in patiently smoothed and jointed stones are instincts foreign to the Celtic nature. The parallel works out in literature. No poems are more fantastic in form, and more filled with wild and poignant sentiment and pathos, than the Celtic songs and lyrics. But when we come to the architectonics of literature, to the reasoned constructive sense, to the poetry in which intellect plays an essential part—in a word to the epic and to blank verse—the Celtic temperament is at a loss. Something which that temperament possesses, its spiritual and emotional fire, is essential to all great art. But something which that temperament does not possess, a sure intellectual valuation of the substantial and the concrete, is essential to great art also.

HALLELUJAH CÆSAR.

"General Booth and the Salvation Army." By A. M. NICOL.
(Herbert and Daniel. 6s. net.)

If the world has waited long for the views of the candid friend of the Salvation Army, it has here at last indubitably got them. "The world," we may quite fairly say, for the General seems to claim it as his parish. Idler claims have been advanced, since the Army of Salvation (a kindling and splendid name) has indeed got very near to the rim of the universe. The flag of William Booth—the ancient "Methody" and ambulant evangelist—has floated in Japan, his drum has banged in Paris, his tambourine has tinkled in Alaska, his collecting-box has popped up in the Australian bush. And thus far up the heights of fame has come the man himself. He was clerk to a pawnbroker, he has been bidden to go round to the back door of his chapel; he has sat at meat with Royalty, has been granted the Freedom of the City of London, and the honorary degree of D.C.L. in the University of Oxford. A new career of Napoleon—with no Waterloo in it. The beginning of it all is an obscure Christian Mission, forty or fifty years ago, somewhere in the east-end of London: this and a woman of genius, Mrs. Booth—"Mother of the Army"—without whom, it is hinted to us, there would have been no Army.

But now comes the candid friend, with his rather uncompromising criticism. Mr. Nicol speaks with authority. He did "revival" work for the Army, and then "staff" work, up and down the country, rising to the "Divisional commands of Scotland and London." He was for three years the "First Foreign Secretary." He travelled the globe with the General. He "also acted as Editor-in-Chief for the Army's periodical literature." He has left the camp, or this book—which must have already been placed upon the Index—would scarcely have been penned.

For, although Mr. Nicol does not deal in abuse, he does deal pretty freely in censure. His tone is moderate, but its very moderation heightens his dis-praise. He can be very emphatic in eulogy of the General, but can also admonish him in these terms: "General Booth claims for himself an authority that no Catholic would dream of ascribing to the Pope of Rome or Mahomedan to the Prophet." There is no escaping from the hostility of Mr. Nicol's principal conclusions; and, as his argument is fortified throughout by figures or shrewd quotations, we cannot but fear that, to many adherents of and subscribers to the Army, the book will be a cause of some concern.

First, however, in the way of praise. The Salvation Army is the most extraordinary organisation of its kind that the world has seen, and the genius of its creator has long since secured him an eminent place on the roll of

leaders and captains of men. Doctrines, in which intellect is set at naught, have been adroitly or persuasively carried into regions unknown to the religious reformers of old; and the man who has disseminated them challenges comparison, at this point or that, with Moses, Mohammed, Savonarola, Luther, Wesley; and, at this point or that, has out-distanced all of them. If we think of the sheer crudity of the doctrinal essence of Salvationism, we must be astonished at the courage of the individual who has sought to impose it on Japan. If we think of the power of imagination which has led this Methodist, revivalist, street-preacher, to found in the modern planet—east and west—a new Empire, of which he is to be absolute Pope, we must acknowledge ourselves in the presence of one as great in dreams as Napoleon, and greater than any Cecil Rhodes. But what is it all at bottom, and whither does it tend? The Salvation Army, considered in all its departments, is at this moment the most extensive and vigorous, aggressive and enterprising concern in the world. What is it precisely, how is it achieving its aims, in what degree is it still true to its first principles, and what are its prospects in the diverse communities that have learned to look on it complacently and kindly? These are among Mr. Nicol's questions. General Booth started with the notion of making new men out of the waste of humanity. He has, says Mr. Nicol, a passion of humanity. He was always something of an opportunist; he saw no harm in evangelisation on semi-commercial lines, and was never an enemy of the sensational. When his great plan was elaborating, the Volunteer movement gave him just the hint he wanted. With the help of his secretary, he was one day revising an article on his Christian Mission:—

"One phrase ran, 'It will thus be seen that the Christian Mission is a Volunteer Army—an Army of Salvation.'"

"I think," remarked Mr. Booth, "we can improve on that sentence."

"The General read the sentence again, and striking his pen through it amended it as follows:—'*The Christian Mission is a Salvation Army.*' And at that moment the Rev. William Booth may, figuratively, be declared to have first seen the light as the General of the Salvation Army."

He had long been getting on the scent of the East-end heathens, and his inspiration seems now to have been complete. An Army was the thing he declared he would have, and none may deny that he has been as good as his word. "His Army," Mr. Nicol insists,

"is a real army. There is no make-believe about it. It is to be seen in places scattered over one-half of the civilised world, and in heathen lands. One will meet it wherever one travels."

It was strident and garish in its public demonstrations, and Mr. Huxley damned it as an exhibition of "Corybantic Christianity"; but the General cared nothing for this. He was a great advertiser of penitents. He announced that a meeting would be addressed by "the Milkman who has not watered his milk since he joined!" and all the milkmen watering their milk in the neighborhood gathered to view the convert. One who had gone to jeer took the pledge, went to Australia, and started the S. A. at that end of the world. This was how it was done in the old days.

But in the course of time there grew out of the blood-and-fire campaign an immense Social Scheme; and with the inception of this, in Mr. Nicol's opinion, the power of the Army began to wane on the purely religious side. Heroic Mrs. Booth, the "philosopher" of her husband's life, died of cancer; an irreparable loss.

"The Army drifted, and while shelters were being opened, centres were being equipped, and the Farm Colony at Hadleigh was being got ready for the reception of the submerged, the spiritual interest of the Corps received a blow from which it has not yet recovered, and probably never will."

What, then, of the value of this Social Scheme, on which inestimable sums have been expended? Mr. Nicol condemns it roundly.

"The workshops of the Army are little better than sweating dens, though I do not think that the evil associated with these is so serious as it has been described. Until the State can devise something better than the casual ward for these out-of-works, it is sheer folly for anyone to assail this rough-and-ready method of affording temporary aid."

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At the end of twenty years the Army cannot point to one single cause of social distress that it has removed, or to one single act which it has promoted, that has dealt a deathblow at one social evil. . . . The General would show himself the true statesman if he manfully told the world that his social scheme has not got to close quarters with the evils he set out to demolish."

Not less persuaded is Mr. Nicol that, in its sphere of religious and moral reclamation, the Army has ceased to be as effective as in the days when, a hundred penitents having been lured to the form, the General tied a handkerchief round his neck, turned "a suggestive look to his valet," and withdrew behind the scenes. He plainly thinks, not only that many of the methods, and much of the doctrine, of the Army are antiquated in the twentieth century, but that the old fire is dying out of the force.

"Personally, I do not believe that the Army is as true to itself as it was, and, painful as I feel having to say so, I do not believe that the Salvation Army is conscious of the loss of its moral power. It is suffering from a deep-seated spiritual decline, which the leaders are unable to deal with, not because of any serious reluctance to do so, but because they have no longer the cohesiveness that brings to the top of the movement, with all the force of spontaneity, the moral weight of individual dissent from things as they are."

Quite apart from the spirit by which, at this day, the leaders and the rank and file of the Army may be animated, we find it difficult to believe that, as the world grows older, the cardinal principles of General Booth's creed will continue to bring under his flag disciples of the worthiest sort. The doctrine laid down by him (a doctrine that, according to the Trust-deed of the Army, "must be upheld for all time, and propagated and enforced") is one that does little to enhance the idea of God, little to foster the growth of the soul. It is a doctrine that, outside of the obscurest sects, has ceased to be strenuously urged from any pulpit in the land. Was it wise to bind down the Salvationists "for all time" to the dogma of "everlasting punishment for all who are exposed to the wrath of God," this wrath to be inevitably incurred by all who are not "born again"—in General Booth?

Again, leaving our own people quite out of the account, is this a doctrine likely to be preached with increasing success to the nations of the East? The Army has failed, says Mr. Nicol, in France, has proved impotent in Italy, and a laughing-stock in Spain: but what of the Orient? Enormous sums have travelled from headquarters to India, but Mr. Nicol has nothing comforting to say on the results of the expenditure. Is there anything to show from Africa? Japan, crazy for the newest kinds of education, is little taken with the teaching offered by General Booth's sergeants in England to General Booth's Sunday scholars. We turn from Europe (at least from the Latin countries) and the East to the New World, and are informed that "in America the position of the Army is nugatory."

We have purposely left unnoticed many of the severest of Mr. Nicol's statements; they are matters which persons unconnected with the organisation are not competent either to accept or to reject. "The real Salvation Army," the author says, in his first chapter, "has scarcely been discovered by any of its investigators." If we have the real Salvation Army here, we must, when next the neat and modest girl in the poke-bonnet stands on the doorstep with her collecting-box, think before we answer her appeal. But is it all there? Is not the girl's face itself a mark of powers of selection and spiritual discernment of no mean order? There are many shocks in Mr. Nicol's book, and some prejudice, but its interest is very great.

MORRIS IN ICELAND.

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The second instalment of "The Collected Works of William Morris" completes "The Earthly Paradise," and includes "Gretter the Strong," "The Story of the Volsungs and the Niblungs," the songs from the Elder Edda, and, lastly, the Journals of Morris's two visits to Iceland. These Journals take a very distinguished place in travel literature; they afford a more vivid insight into the poet's daily attitude to the life and the people about him and the temper of his mind than any amount of chatter could do, and they are

full of that tragic tenderness, which is marked with curious intensity on all his creative work. One peculiar reflection that they prompt is that Morris, more clearly perhaps than any of our great poets, was by nature and inclination—not by circumstance—a man of action as well as a poet. In records of close and great conflict with the elemental forces of Nature, we are often met by what appears to be a curious dislocation of perspective and an extraordinary poignancy of self-revelation; we are conscious of a man doing—not seeing—of one who does not describe Nature, but speaks through a mood induced by her. It is, in short, the man of action who speaks. And in the Icelandic Journals, Morris speaks with this same almost childlike simplicity, bringing all sorts of trivial things into close contact with great emotions and lusty primal energies; and he, too, tells us—with, of course, an entire absence of the pose which leads the sentimentalist to self-analysis—of his human whims and flaws. We hear of the perilous fording of one of the wild rivers of Iceland; the incident is visualised for us with moving directness and emotional intensity, and then, almost in the same breath, we are told of a pannikin, or a boot-strap, or some such trifle, lost in the passage; of the owner's—Morris's—concern, and the laughter of his companions. Cheek by jowl with a spacious description of the Burgfirh country, peopled with the heroes of the Sagas, comes a midnight conversation between the poet and one of his fellow-travellers, each of whom is accusing the other of snoring unduly. Again, the party is approaching one of the most dreaded passes in the island; Morris cannot make up his mind about it—he is frankly afraid to go, and as frankly afraid to tell the others, so he goes about for three or four days in a state of acute mental discomfort, and he sets it all down with the utmost ingenuousness. Of course, his fear had nothing to do with personal bravery—no man had a clearer courage than he on occasion; it was merely the terror of an imaginative man—or a child—in a country where every rock and hill-side had for him tragic or heroic associations. To say all this does not imply that the Journals lack sense of proportion. They are, on the contrary, marked with that sense quickened to the point when the mind, moving among things elemental, rejects nothing as unimportant.

It is, of course, only when Morris is recording the actual events of the day's travel that we find this strange quality in his writing. When he is speaking of the country itself and its history, he does so with all the detachment of the dramatic poet. The sombre and almost terrifying austerity of the scenery is woven into the texture of the book in a remarkable way, and with it a sense that we are moving through a country peopled by a tradition. It is the Iceland of a past day—a life beside the strength and fulness of which the inhabitants of to-day shrink into insignificance. The whole meaning of the country lies in its identification with the stories of the Sagas; nothing else matters. Very amusing and very reasonable is the poet's anger at the fame of the geysers: "I was quite ready to break my neck in my quality of pilgrim to the holy places of Iceland: to be drowned in Markflest or squelched in climbing up Drangey seemed to come quite in the day's work; but to wake up boiled while one was acting the part of accomplice to Mangall's Questions was too disgusting."

Miss May Morris maintains the high standard which she set herself as editor in the earlier volumes. Of the general excellence of the production of the books and of their beauty we have spoken before, but we have come across several instances of an ugly crowding of words which ought not to have been passed.

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seem to us to be based on a misconception of the capacity of human nature to respond to the thrill of the uncanny. It is fatal to bring the reason into play, and the more precise is the description of psychical marvels, the more our involuntary terror in the presence of the unknown must be checked or dissipated. Handled skilfully as a short story, perhaps "The Dweller on the Threshold" might have stirred in us those slumbering fears which are a legacy from the dark night of primitive man; but Mr. Hichens's elaborate, pseudo-scientific jugglery with the "transferred personality" of two clergymen, "whose experiments in Psychical Research are crowned with success," resembles that of a conjurer who waves the tablecloth too long before bringing out the bowl of goldfish. His leading character—the timid, slavish curate, Chichester—who absorbs into himself all the dominating will and tyrannical personality of his rector—Marcus Harding—is the mere puppet of the author's scheme; and there are no artistic surprises reserved in the narrative of the bad rector's gradual spiritual transformation into his white rabbit of a curate! Really, the occult brew that is presented to our lips could be more easily swallowed if the cup that held it were not of such a commonplace pattern. The spiritual retribution that overtakes the worldly rector is not strengthened by the sceptical asides of the impossible Professor Stepton, who is set up as the arrogant representative of scientific materialism, only to be knocked off his perch, or by the introduction of the *motif* of hidden sexual sins in the rector's life. There are too many banalities, too many concessions to commonplace feeling, too many worldly considerations in the tale, which, however, may possibly send an attenuated shudder down the Belgravian spine.

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takes its rightful proportion in the artistic scheme. Equally clever is "The Telegram," and the superstitious thrill that is communicated at the climax is not a little heightened by the caustic analysis of a worldly woman's profound indifference for the neglected lover, who has come and dined with her prosaically after his death.

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"During this period we paid dividends of 10 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares for the first six years, and for the remaining thirteen years have paid at the rate of 12 per cent. Taking into consideration the premiums paid for the Ordinary Shares the return to investors on the whole capital would not, I think, exceed about 7 per cent., but the premiums paid, and sums we have been able to add out of profits from time to time, have enabled us to build up general reserves, freehold reserves and contingency funds amounting in the aggregate to no less than £82,500, and also to carry forward £11,000, an amount sufficient to pay a whole year's dividends on all our Preference Shares.

"In doing this we have not been unmindful of those who have served us faithfully. Sixteen years ago we started a Branch Managers' Provident Fund to which we have added yearly since then out of profits, and at the same time crediting the fund with five per cent. interest on the accumulated amount. During the year under review we have added to the fund £890 by way of interest and now propose to allocate £350 or £1,240 in all, bringing the total up to £20,000. We do not propose to make further additions to this capital sum, but for the present at any rate to allow four per cent. interest on it, amounting to £800 per annum, which we will pay into a mutual fund to be administered by a joint committee of our Managers and representatives of the Company.

"In these competitive times we shall not seek to increase the dividend on our Ordinary Shares. In most cases extremely high dividends can only be made by sweating employees or overcharging the public. As a purely distributive Company we think the present rate should be considered highly satisfactory. Most of the shareholders are customers and they get the benefit of reasonable prices. We give the general public extremely good value. At the same time we have thoughtful consideration for those in the business. After doing all this and creating reserves for a period of depression, if and when it comes, there is no margin left for increasing dividends.

"In Nottingham, where the parent Company affords steady employment in season and out of season for some 2,000 persons, there has been much pessimistic nonsense written and spoken lately about Company trading in retail businesses. Men speak regretfully about the good old days when a man without exceptional ability or a large trade could, in a single shop, make profits up to £1,000 per annum. Those days are gone. They were golden days for the small proprietor, but the public had to pay for them. And what about the assistants and apprentices? Contrast the treatment of the public and the assistants to-day alike by private chemists and companies with that of thirty years ago, and the reason why £1,000 a year cannot be made out of one shop becomes apparent at once. In those days businesses were frequently run almost entirely by apprentices, who paid a premium to learn the business. They frequently served seven years without a salary, and when out of their time had more often than not to leave to make room for other apprentices. Excepting in the very best businesses qualified help was the exception, and salaries were miserably low. Private chemists of to-day have thrown over the traditions of their fathers, and our Company and its allied Companies have done their full share in initiating and continuously promoting the improvement in the status and welfare of employees in the Drug trade. As regards apprentices, I may add that we pay salaries from the first week they start to all those who learn their business with us, and for years we have offered about £200 per annum in scholarships to assist really hardworking youths to spend a few months at college so as to enable them to pass their qualifying examinations as chemists.

"As before mentioned, we have built up an employees' fund of £20,000 in our Eastern Company, which is much the oldest Company, but the others have also been allocating yearly sums out of profits. These sums now amount to £38,000, or, with the Eastern Company's added, to £58,000 in all, and we are hoping presently to see them total £100,000, which, if administered on a four per cent. basis, as we propose to do in the Eastern Company, would afford a disposable fund of about £4,000 per annum.

"In addition we have insured the lives of nearly 400 of our managers, paying the entire premium for the first two years and half the premium afterwards. The practical advantage of this has been apparent in the fact the relatives of our men who have died since this scheme was started have received £400 against total payments made by the men of approximately £20, or £100 for each £5 paid.

"As I have before remarked, whilst individual fortunes from small businesses are not now so frequently made, the lot of the employee has improved and is improving. We rejoice in this and will do our best to help it on all we can, and as some proof of what I have said as to the comfortable position enjoyed by our staff, I may add that nearly 500 of the combined staffs pay Income Tax, whilst, in addition, some hundreds have salaries very little below the Income Tax limit.

"I think this digression as to our other Companies may be pardoned, as many of our Eastern shareholders are interested in the allied Companies, and, as I have said at previous meetings, the association with the other Companies adds considerably to the strength of the Eastern Company.

The Chairman concluded by proposing "that the accounts be received, and that the distribution of profits as recommended in the Directors' printed report be and is hereby adopted." The resolution was seconded, and unanimously agreed to.

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The Censored Plays of Brieux. 5s. net, postage 4d.

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THE PREFACE BY BERNARD SHAW.

Crown 8vo, buckram, 390 pages in all, with a 45-page preface by Bernard Shaw, and a photogravure portrait of Brieux.

Long reviews of this notable book are appearing in every important journal. *The Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Nation*, *Daily News*, *Evening News*, *Evening Standard*, *Sunday Times*, *Star*, *Globe*, *Scotsman*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Observer*, *Sphere*, have already discussed it at length.

MR. R. A. SCOTT-JAMES says (in *Daily News*):—"Mr. Shaw is surely right in urging matters of such tremendous importance ought not to be hushed up because they are unpleasant, but that, on the contrary, everyone ought to be forewarned. . . . To shirk Brieux is to shirk vitally important facts in modern life."

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MR. C. K. SHORTER says (in *The Sphere*):—"No critic would be doing his duty to society did he not demand very emphatically that they should find a multitude of readers."

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—"They are, of course, among the most moral plays ever written, and all honour is due to M. Brieux for having tackled such subjects with so much courage."

The Globe says:—"No one of intelligence who reads these plays but will be better for so doing. . . . 'Damaged Goods' treats a vitally serious subject with tremendous power and unanswerable logic."

The Manchester Guardian says:—"We wish that 'Damaged Goods' could be read by every adolescent Englishman . . . it is as healthy as brine."

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that the Birkbeck Bank would founder were current, and on Thursday evening this Institution closed its doors. Probably in this connection there have been some forced sales of Consols, which have affected Government securities. Moreover, Brazil is certainly in financial difficulties, and any crisis there would cause trouble in London, Paris, and Berlin. The chaos in Mexico and the earthquake are quite enough of an anxiety to foreign investors and to our great foreign market for the present. But undoubtedly the big deficit at Rio, coupled with the troubles of the Para rubber speculators, is a serious item for high finance. There has been too much competition among big houses for the exploitation of Brazil, and the growth of Federal and local debts has been far too rapid of late years. The Dreadnought folly is, of course, largely responsible for the Brazilian Government's present embarrassments. The May returns are very good indeed. Exports are much above last year's, and the drop in imports is largely due to rubber. The Clyde, I hear, is immensely prosperous, and Lancashire's cotton exports are showing a big expansion. On the Stock Exchange, Yankees and Canadian Pacifics have been going ahead, but the other markets are rather depressed. Possibly there will be a recovery after the Coronation, which is, of course, disturbing business in various ways. But the Birkbeck Bank failure may cause other financial troubles. It is a sequel to the Law Guarantee and the Charing Cross Bank smash.

WARING AND GILLOWS.

The re-construction scheme put forward for Waring and Gillows is intended to rehabilitate the company, save the goodwill, and continue the business. But it does not seem to appeal to many of the Debenture holders, who are inclined to prefer the small bird in the hand to the possibility of a large bird in the bush. In this case, the security of the debenture holders is, however, largely a floating charge upon assets which might dissolve insensibly during a liquidation. The moral for investors is to take care, if they really wish to be secure, that their debenture includes a real mortgage charge upon good freehold property, which will retain its value whatever happens to the business. In the United States, a bond almost always implies a mortgage; but when a railway, or other corporation, goes into the hands of a receiver, the rights of the bond-holders are frequently treated very lightly. In England, the Courts respect mortgages, but an ordinary debenture is merely a floating charge.

RUBBER AND BRAZIL.

The course of rubber is not running at all smoothly just now. In Northern Brazil, vast quantities of rubber have been held up for many weeks, and there is great fear of a financial collapse, unless, indeed, the Federal Government can be induced to come to the rescue of the merchant speculators and banks, which are entangled in this dangerous business. For since the holding-up of rubber began, the price has fallen, and the fear of these huge stores being forced into the market has depressed prices even more than would have been the case had the rubber come forward gradually, and been sold in the ordinary course. A crash seems quite likely, more especially as Brazil's latest Budget shows a deficit of no less than 13 millions. This is a pretty price to pay for Dreadnoughts and other follies of the kind. Investors in Brazil may be in for an anxious time.

PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT ISSUE.

As will be seen in our advertisement columns, that excellent institution, the People's Refreshment House Association Ltd., founded by the foresighted enterprise of the Bishop of Chester in 1896, is inviting applications for an issue of 10,000 £1 shares, and £15,000 4 per cent. loan stock, in order to enlarge the number of reformed public-houses under its management. The 5 per cent. maximum dividend on the shares has been paid every year since 1899. The Association already controls 94 inns on the Gothenburg system, by which the managers receive no profit on the sale of alcohol, but large profits on the sale of food and non-intoxicant liquors. Those who have a little money to spare can hardly do better than make a small investment in a concern with such excellent objects and apparently sound management.

LUCCELLUM.

The Subscription List opened on Thursday, the 8th June, 1911, and will close on or before Monday, the 12th June, 1911, for Town, Country, and the Continent.

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The London County and Westminster Bank Limited, are authorised by the owners to receive on their behalf applications for the purchase of the above Shares payable as follows:—

On Application	-	-	1s. 0d. per Share.
On Allotment	-	-	4s. 0d. " "
On 15th July, 1911	-	-	7s. 6d. " "
On 1st September, 1911	-	-	7s. 6d. " "
			£1 0s. 0d.

Or the whole may be paid up on allotment under discount at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

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The Province of Ontario produces 75 per cent. of all fruits grown in Canada—60 per cent. of the plums, 70 per cent. of the apples, 80 per cent. of the pears and small fruits, 99 per cent. of the peaches and grapes.

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The Company owns 9,115 acres (5,377 freehold, 3,738 leasehold) situated on or near the shores of the great lakes which surround the Province of Ontario, and selected in five principal groups—the Niagara District, the Georgian Bay District, the Lake Huron District, the Lake Erie District, and the Lake Ontario District. A range of varieties is thus provided, and the Company assured against a local shortage of crop in any season. The climatic influence of these great bodies of water is highly favourable upon the regularity of the crop and the quality of the apples. A large number of power spraying outfits have been in constant operation during the season, and all the properties have been under the care of the Company's expert staff during this year, thus practically ensuring a large crop of high-grade apples for this season.

PROFITS.

The supply of high-class apples in the British, European and American markets never equals the demand. High-grade apples readily command from 6s. to 12s. per bushel box, and from 14s. to 25s. per barrel, according to variety and grade. Owing to the Company's orchards being exceptionally well located for short rail and ocean transportation, its apples, when sold at the lower prices mentioned, will realise a large profit, steadily increasing year by year.

The profit on this season's crops is estimated as follows:—	
140,000 boxes at 6s.	£42,000
140,000 barrels No. 1 at 10s.	112,000
56,000 barrels No. 2 at 14s.	39,200
84,000 barrels at 12s.	50,400
70,000 boxes evaporated at 12s.	43,750
	£287,350

Expenses including cultivation, pruning, spraying, picking, land and ocean freight charges, rentals, marketing and all other expenses and charges estimated at	£221,667
Allow 10 per cent. for contingencies	22,166
	243,833

Net profit **£43,517**

Or more than four times the amount required to pay 7 per cent. on the whole of the Preference Shares; no Bonds or Debentures have been issued.

After the payment of 7 per cent. on the total Preference and Ordinary Shares, the surplus profits available for increased dividends, reserve, or other purposes, are equal to upwards of 10 per cent. of the total capital.

Applications for shares should be sent to the London County and Westminster Bank Limited, or to any of its Branches together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. Where no allotment is made, the amount will be returned in full, and where the number of shares allotted is less than that applied for, the balance of the application money will be applied towards the remaining payments.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, and at the London Offices of the Company above mentioned.

Dated June 8th, 1911.

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(Registered 1896 under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act.)

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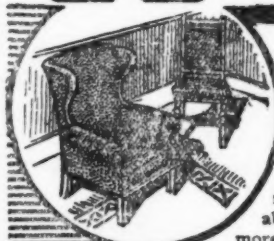
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